

the **LINK**

April 1965

BLACK HILLS PASSION PLAY

ROAD TO WORLD HEALTH

NEW DISCIPLESHIP AND OLD LAW

25¢

A PROTESTANT MAGAZINE FOR ARMED FORCES PERSONNEL







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Front: Happy Easter to you. Lithograph courtesy Kimberly-Clark, Neenah, Wis.

Back: Anyone for tennis? Photo by David M. Mills.

Inside Front: The joy and wonder of childhood. Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts.

Inside Back: Photo in background shows yucca blooming at the Alamo in San Antonio, Tex. Poem by Cynthia Morgan.

ART WORK: Story illustrations by J. O. James.

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SOUND OFF

I Like Its Looks

I like the looks of THE LINK and I believe it would appeal to my son's family. Your magazine contains the type of steadfast material that will help them. Bless you. Check enclosed for one year's subscription.

—Mrs. S. D. Stabler, 4952 Kingsley Drive, Indianapolis, Ind.

Lines of Encouragement

You editors are kind to take time out to write a few lines of encouragement. I realize that I need a lot of practice and patience in my writing efforts. I shall practice each day as time permits. . . .

—Mrs. H. J. McCarthy, Care S/Maj C. E. McCarthy, AG-A Sec, 7th U.S. Army, APO 46, New York, N.Y.

Another Subscriber

Enclosed you will find a check for a \$2.50 for a year's subscription to THE LINK. It is for one who was named after me.

—Mitchell E. Kriner, 185 Mitchell Lane, RFD, Newport, R.I. 02842.

Excellent Job

Please accept my sincere appreciation for an excellent job done on a truly fine magazine. I have thoroughly enjoyed and been helped by every copy of THE

(Continued on page 65)

S T A F F

EXECUTIVE EDITOR: A. Ray Appelquist; **EDITOR:** Lawrence P. Fitzgerald;
CIRCULATION MGR.: Isabel R. Senar; **ASST. EDITOR:** Irene Murray

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Josef Meier, as Christus, carries the cross which weighs 160 pounds.

Black Hills Passion Play

By Erma Espy

IT was pleasantly cool at Spearfish in the South Dakota Black Hills on that August evening. Long before time for the opening of the play people began arriving at the vast outdoor amphitheater. At first they came in twos and threes, a mere trickle, but before long the trickle

became a steady stream and by nightfall a huge crowd had assembled to see the great Easter drama—the Passion Play.

Promptly at eight o'clock a man clad all in white appeared on the huge stage and raising his arms in the manner of one about to pro-

nounce a benediction said reverently, "Oh, ye children of God, open your hearts and receive with child-like confidence his great message." From that moment on the audience sat captivated as scene after scene from the last week of Jesus' life unfolded before them. During the two-and-a-half-hour presentation they saw Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem, his healing of the blind man, his rout of the money lenders from the Temple. They heard the priests plotting Christ's death. They saw Roman soldiers mounted on proud Arabian horses ride through a crowded city street heedless of the people upon it. They saw King Herod's Court, the Last Supper, the Garden of Gethsemane, the Betrayal, the Crucifixion, the Ascension.

And when the drama was over the thousands who saw it returned to the present quietly, thoughtfully. Foregoing that all too familiar American tendency to rush and push toward parked cars, they moved slowly from the amphitheater. The Black Hills players had done their work well.

The lead character in this great drama is the Christus, played by German born Josef Meier. His role is a demanding one. The cross that he carries weighs 160 pounds, even though it is hollow. He falls several times as he makes his way across the stage, which is as long as two average city blocks, and then walks nearly a quarter of a mile along one side of the amphitheater until he reaches a rise of ground where the crucifixion scene is enacted. But this, difficult as it is, is less taxing, Mr.

Meier says, than remaining utterly motionless upon the cross after the Christus has died. So perfect has his body control become that even close scrutiny through opera glasses fails to reveal a hint of his breathing while the scene is in progress.

The part of Mary is played by Mr. Meier's wife. Daughter of a Chicago vaudeville performer, she joined the cast in 1936 when twenty-one years old. She proved to be perfect for the role. Beautiful, serious of countenance, with long red-brown hair, she played the part, and still does, with rare humility. A year after joining the company she and Meier were married.

Other members of the cast are drawn from the American stage. All play their roles with notable spiritual appeal. They are chosen with care and an air of warm courtesy prevails backstage. Those temperamental outbursts generally believed to be common in the theatrical world are rare indeed. Even the townspeople who make up the crowd scenes catch the atmosphere and enjoy their anonymous roles.

AN inspiring story of faith, sacrifice, and courage lies behind this play. Incidentally, it dates back to Lunen in thirteenth century Germany. First presented there in pageant form in the original Latin, it portrayed the life of Christ. This became an annual event. By the seventeenth century the dialog had been translated into German with parts done by Lunen villagers and handed down from generation to generation within the same families.



Christus and two of his disciples conversing at The Last Supper.

In this way the role of the Christ-child came to Josef Meier when he was ten years old. Later he played Christ the Youth in the Temple, and at age twenty-four the Savior—a role his father had carried until his retirement at the age of fifty-eight.

By 1932 evidences of Nazi religious suppression were seen on every hand. The very existence of the Passion Play in which a Meier had portrayed the Christus for seven generations was threatened. In response to his father's pleadings Josef, then studying at the University of Muster to become a doctor, gave up his planned lifework to take the age-old drama to America and try to find there a permanent home for it. Ten principals accompanied him. With \$1,000 between them they reached America in 1933 only to find themselves in the midst of the

worst depression our country had ever experienced. Discouraging though the prospects were, they undertook a whistle-stop tour of the United States. Members of the cast not only did everything necessary to set up and produce the play but took on all sorts of odd jobs—fill-in work on farms, in restaurants, in small radio stations—in order to meet expenses. On the road their days were a dreary succession of hardships—poor food, cheap hotels, and drafty school auditoriums. To top it off they had, also, to learn the language, habits, and customs of a new country. Back salaries were not paid in full until years later. But they kept going!

Mr. Meier liked America and he held the company together. "The important thing," he told them in the face of many a performance that

had not yielded enough to pay expenses, "is that the story of Jesus is being told."

At one point, however, even he became discouraged. Plagued with strain and worry he found himself close to a breakdown when one night upon directing to Judas his usual line, "Do ye not worry about the morrow," it came to him that he was not taking that advice himself. He resolved to begin doing so immediately, kept that resolution, and soon regained his health. "We begin to solve our problems," he says now, "as soon as we apply the simple solution of faith."

The year 1938 was an important one for both Josef Meier and the play cast. At that time Meier became a U.S. citizen and it was then that his dream of making the Passion Play an institution in America became a reality. Guy Bell, business man of Spearfish, South Dakota, seeking something very much better than the usual tourist attraction invited Meier to bring his group to Spearfish on trial. On the first night the company gave an inspired performance to eighty-eight persons in the auditorium of the Black Hills Teachers College. On the second night the room was jam-packed and after the performance Mr. Meier and cast were offered a permanent summer home for their Passion Play. It was accepted.

The proposed site, actually a sunken meadow, faced east toward the town. The acoustics proved to be perfect, the nights were cool, usually clear, and always mosquito free. In this idyllic location and an amphi-

theater that seats 8,000 people and has majestic Lookout Mountain for a natural backdrop, thousands of persons have come each night the play is given—from all over the U.S. and from foreign countries as well. Many travelers have declared the setting is similar to that of the Holy Land.

Besides its summer location in Spearfish the play has, since 1952, had a winter home at Lake Wales, Florida. Performances are in the Passion Play Amphitheater, a beautiful building designed primarily for that purpose. To play at Miami Mr. Meier was approached through the Lake Wales Chamber of Commerce. Both the Spearfish and Lake Wales enterprises are noncommercial, without concession booths of any kind.

BETWEEN scheduled engagements at Spearfish and Lake Wales the company goes on tour. Ministers of all faiths in cities where the play is presented are invited to attend and Mr. Meier is proud of the practically unanimous approval it has been accorded even by those who actually regard the theater with disfavor. Approval of the lay people is shown by Mr. Meier's fan mail which is voluminous. It expresses the thanks and appreciation of the writers as the programs request audiences not to applaud. The blind, for whom the play has also been staged, seem especially appreciative and often write him regarding it. A portion of the receipts is always given to local needs—crippled children, disease victims, the underprivileged, or other groups.

The enthusiastic response of young

people is a particular satisfaction to Mr. Meier. Once in Memphis, Tennessee, a young woman came to him after the performance to say that the play had given her the courage to do something she had long aspired to—teach a Sunday school class. "Seeing it," she said, "gave me the confidence I needed."

Other Passion Plays are presented in the United States, chief among them are those at Union City, New Jersey, Baird, Nebraska and Zion and Bloomington in Illinois, but the Black Hills Company is the only professional group specializing in the Easter drama and they do it superbly.

The Passion Play is given three times weekly during the summer at Spearfish, South Dakota; then during the winter it is presented at Lake Wales, Florida. Whether summer or winter, the play uplifts the mind and reminds us again that the greatest thing in the world is love—love and concern for the unfortunate and good will for everyone. At Easter time, following the apparent death of winter, there is resurrection throughout all of nature. The Passion Play reaffirms the promise of life after death just as Jesus, himself, arose from the dead to bring life and immortality to mankind. To all who have seen the great drama, Easter has added significance.



WHEN A MAN MARRIES

When a man and woman marry, they become one. Then, of course, they must decide *which* one, and that is often where the trouble begins.—F. G. Kernan.

The Beggar Poet

By Richard R. Smith

THE UNACCEPTED INVITATION

I saw a horde of hopeless hungry men
Who fought o'er bread long molded by
despair,
Who clutched with greedy hands the
crusts of life,
Whose blinded eyes, ignored far richer
fare.
And as they died with empty hearts
alone,
I still could hear his invitation ring:
"Come, ye weary, starving sons of God;
Come and share the banquet of your
king."

A PRAYER FOR COMMUNION

O Father stay, and leave me not alone.
Though other thoughts distract my
mind from thee,
Grant that somehow I may still com-
mune
In faith, with what I cannot touch or
see;
Hold fast against the forces of the
world
That call to me each step along the
way.
Protect me from my weak, unwilling
self
That stands in doubt when I would
kneel and pray.
Give me eyes to look beyond the plain
And know thy proof of love is living
still.
Let me feel thy presence in my heart
And see thy empty cross on every hill.

Case of the Delinquent Hipster

By Carl W. McGeehon

THE word "hipster," according to my teen-age youngster, is a slightly out-of-date term which describes a beatnik who is out to get what he can from life and the devil take the hindmost. His only loyalty is self-interest and his only love is himself.

Hipsters, by whatever name they are known, have been with us a long time. Today's unwashed, bearded eccentric in a moldy sweatshirt and dungarees has had his counterpart in all generations.

The Prodigal Son in Jesus' parable (Luke 15:11-32) was of the same stripe as the hipster of the Beat Generation. He wanted life on his own terms. Headstrong, self-centered, and fed up, he rebelled against the hampering restrictions of home and community. He yearned for freedom from other people's standards and values.

A Wayward Son

He solved his problem—or so he thought—by persuading his father to give him his share of the inheritance and let him strike out for himself. During his sojourn in the distant country he had a ball. He had the world by the tail on a downhill pull. Soon, however, the gay nights and bright lights took their toll. His wealth was squandered in wild extravagance. His money and his friends ran out at the same time.

In order to support himself he was forced to take a humiliating job tending pigs. What a comedown from the wealthy playboy role! He had done what he liked but found he did not like what he had done.

The Prodigal started out by saying, "I want my share," "I want my way." Now he could only say, "I want." His poverty was more than the lack of material things. Life had

Chaplain McGeehon is assistant command chaplain, Headquarters PACAF, APO 953, San Francisco, Calif.

tumbled in on him and he was without the spiritual resources to fight his way out.

In this abject condition he had his "moment of truth." For the first time he saw himself for what he was and it was a sobering experience. Jesus described this, "He came to himself." The inference is that during this period of rebellion and wandering he was not his real self. He was made of better stuff than his actions demonstrated.

"Give Me" vs "Make Me"

A man asked for directions to reach his destination. A small boy said, "If you are going the way you are headed it will be about 25,000 miles. But if you turn around and go the other way, it will be three miles." The ancient hipster was headed in the wrong direction but it was not until his air castles had been demolished and his hopes crushed that he realized the road he was traveling led nowhere.

At long last he recognized that the "wine, women, and song" routine was not the answer to life's meaning. He had listened to the wrong people and drifted into the wrong company. The pursuit of pleasure brought misery, heartbreak, and humiliation. His attitude of "give me" which caused him to ask his father for his share of the inheritance ended in despair.

There is something to be said in favor of this young man, however. He had made a mess of things but there is nothing in the story to indicate that he was bitter. Neither did he blame others for his predicament,

nor did he take refuge in the excuse that circumstances beyond his control caused his downfall. He pocketed his pride and honestly faced up to his plight. This did not make his condition easier to take but it did make possible adopting a new attitude and starting out in a new direction. Until he came to the place he admitted his failure and his need he was in no position to make a new start.

In his own mind he resolved to make the best of the bad bargain he had made with life. He remembered that at home his father's servants had food, shelter, and a relationship with his father which was far better than his present condition. He resolved to return home, admit his mistakes, and beg his father to take him back and "make me as one of thy hired servants." He knew he had forfeited his birthright and was no longer worthy to be considered a son. All he was asking was to be accepted as a servant. It would be enough to be at home again.

The Waiting Father

The real focus of this story is not on the wayward son. Rather it is on the waiting father. It is not difficult to imagine the father's anxious and worried concern for his absent son. Not for a moment did he cease to love the wandering son or to long for his return.

A modern father tells of overhearing one of his sons say to a younger brother, "If you do that, Father won't love you." He called the two boys to him and said, "What you say is not true, Son. I will al-

ways love you." "But you will not love us if we are not good, will you?" the first boy asked. "Yes," the father replied, "When you are not good I will love you with a love that makes me sad, but I will always love you."

This is the point Jesus was making in the parable. The waiting father, who represents God, loves all his children—those who are disobedient as well as those who are obedient. Just as a human parent does not disown an erring son, so God longs for the return of those who have flaunted his commands.

The ancient hipster's homecoming is one of the most touching scenes in the Scriptures. When the father saw him coming he ran to enfold him in an embrace of welcome. The son really never did get out all his rehearsed speech of repentance. The father ordered new clothes be brought and a feast of celebration be prepared. To all within hearing he cried, "My son was dead, and he is alive again; he was lost, and is found." The homecoming was a picture of complete forgiveness. In the father's mind the boy would never be a servant but always a son.

Forgiveness and Restoration

The father's forgiveness here provides a clue to the meaning of God's forgiveness for our sins. In the case of the wayward son the *fact* of his sin remained. He had been disobedient, he had been in a far country, he had wasted his inheritance in extravagant living. Nothing could change the past.

The father's forgiveness could not

take away the *memory* of the sinful actions. To the end of his days the son could not blot out that memory.

Neither were the *natural consequences* of his wilfulness removed. There was no way to get his fortune back. If he had lost his health in wild living he would still have to contend with a broken body.

The heart of forgiveness is *restoration*. The son was restored to the relationship to which he was entitled before he left home. He was accepted as if he had never been away. His father wanted him as a son, not a slave. Restoration to the bosom of the family was what he needed.

All this points to the central theme of the New Testament—the love of God. Another father, desiring to impress his son with the boundlessness of God's love, took him one day to the top of a hill. He bade him look in all directions—north, south, east, west. "That," he said with a wide sweep of his hand, "is the way God loves, as far as we can see and as far as we can go." Somehow the lad caught a truth and insight even more profound than his father had in mind. "That means," said the boy, "that we are in the middle of it, doesn't it?"

That is precisely what Jesus was saying about the boundlessness of God's love in this parable. No matter how far we stray from his will there is restoration for those who turn to him. It is significant to note that when the delinquent hipster "came to himself," he also "came to his father." Sin has no healing apart from man's repentance and God's restoration. ■ ■

WOODSHEDS

By George S. Wilson

A WISE man once wrote that a young man gathers materials to build a bridge to the moon and, at last, when he is middle-aged he uses them to build a woodshed. I was a young man when I first read this. Its truth impressed me. I could see the compromises, the second bests, the revised goals of my elders. They had built woodsheds and some were lousy woodsheds at that.

How good is your woodshed? How have you compromised? What workable second best have you settled for?

Granted, you couldn't build a bridge to the moon or even a palace on earth but you could have built a better woodshed. You didn't have to settle for these habits, this job, this routine, or this future. You could have had better habits, a more worthy job, a more rewarding routine and a happier future.

Remember, the world's progress has been made by men who would not settle for less. Adventurers, reformers, students, scientists, artists, farmers, aviators and teachers, who would not accept the second best, blazed the trails. Contributions to a better world have not been limited to the great. Common folk have built well as laborers and as tradesmen. Parents in simple homes and with few resources, not willing to settle for second best, have raised children who call them blessed. And the rest of the world has been blessed by their lives.

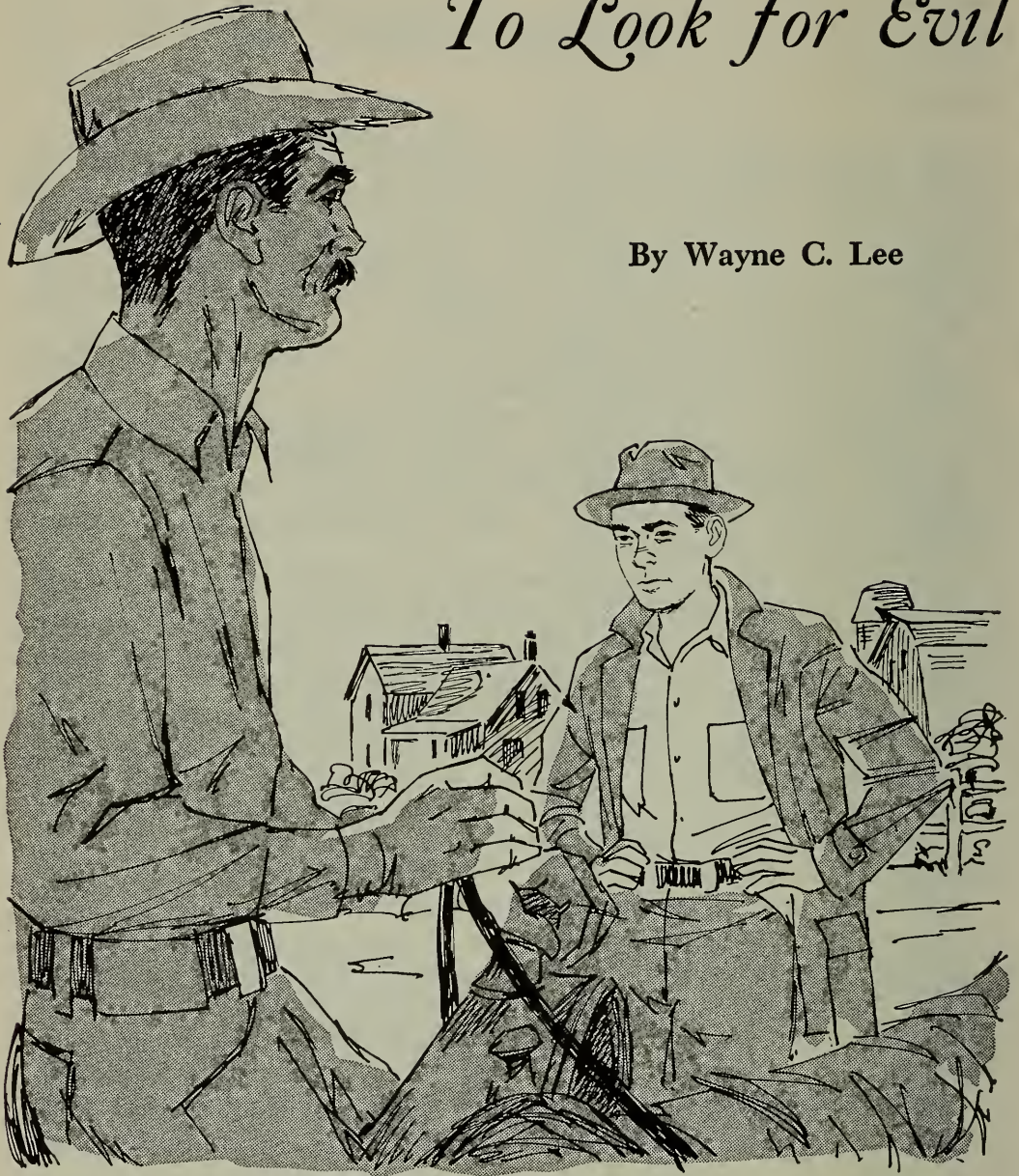
Take for example, the Eisenhowers of Abilene, Kansas. They are simple folk, members of a small, strict religious group. They raised their family with high dreams and lofty goals. They taught their children not to compromise for the sake of security, nor to give in through fear nor give up because of laziness. Result—two college presidents, a five-star general and President of the United States.

It's time now to check your blueprints. What are you building—a palace or a woodshed? Push a wall out here and there. Don't be satisfied with second best. For heaven's sake and the world's—at least build a good woodshed. ■ ■

Marriages are made in heaven, but a lot of the details have to be worked out on earth.—F. G. Kernan.

To Look for Evil

By Wayne C. Lee



Sometimes evil is in the eye of the beholder

JOEL FULLER had been called a fool more than once. But he had to admit that it had never come nearer being the truth than it had when he'd moved back to Bluestem Valley.

That had been last spring and nothing had happened to change people's opinion. They still thought he was a fool for coming back. As Joel watched the four riders pounding his way, stirring up a cloud of dust, he was about ready to agree with them.

Four men riding hard toward his little ranch could mean only one thing—more trouble. And this would be worse than any he'd had so far.

Joel left the house, which he hadn't completely repaired yet, and strode out into the yard. He'd known when he came back to Bluestem Valley that the only way he could stay here would be to plant his feet solidly on the ground that was his and to stand squarely in the face of the opposition that was sure to come.

Joel looked at the barn and corrals which he had been patching up. They had fallen into disrepair in the six years since the Fullers had left this valley. Joel had been fifteen then. He'd never forget it. His father, Henry Fuller, had been convicted of stealing cattle and sentenced to prison. Life here in Bluestem Valley after that trial was impossible for Joel and his mother and sister.

But Joel was twenty-one now and he wanted a place of his own. His mother had rented out the ranch but had gotten small return. Joel knew that it should bring in much more. The ranch still belonged to the

Fullers. In Joel's way of thinking, there was just no reason why he shouldn't come back, fix up the ranch, and become a respectable rancher himself.

But the people of Bluestem Valley had a different opinion. They remembered Henry Fuller well; they expected his son to be just like him.

As he watched the riders coming closer, Joel thought of what his mother had said many times. "To look for evil is to find it." Joel knew what she meant. Anybody could find what he thought was evil in anybody else if he looked for it. The people of Bluestem Valley were looking for evil in Joel Fuller and they'd find it, too, whether it was real or imaginary.

JOEL wasn't surprised to see Melvin Baird in the lead as the riders came closer. The Bairds were Joel's nearest neighbors. They had been there when the Fullers had lived here years ago. Joel had gone to school with Lucy Baird, just a year younger than he was. He had thought she was pretty nice then; he was firmly convinced now that his early judgment had been correct.

The four riders charged into the yard and reined up, each man glaring down at Joel as if he were viewing a poisonous snake. "Something wrong, Mr. Baird?" Joel asked, trying to keep his voice calm.

"You should have known you'd be caught eventually," Melvin Baird said.

"Caught at what?" Joel asked tightly.

"The same thing your old man was caught doing—stealing cattle."

Anger surged up in Joel. "I haven't stolen any cattle."

"Then maybe you can tell us where they've strayed off to," another man put in.

"Last night five of my calves disappeared," Baird added grimly.

"They're not here," Joel snapped.

"We didn't expect you to bring them right here to your own corral."

"Then what are you doing here? You seem to think that I'll steal anything that I can move."

Baird nodded. "We figure that's the only reason you came back to this valley. You plan to steal us blind because we caught your old man and sent him up where he belonged."

Joel tried to bring his seething thoughts into focus. The finger of suspicion had been pointed at him from the moment he rode back into this valley. Now it was jabbing him.

"If you plan to arrest me for stealing your calves," Joel said, "you'd better bring the sheriff."

"We'll do that after we find some more evidence," Baird said. "We thought you might decide to tell us where the calves are. If you do, we'll be fair. We'll take the calves and forget the whole thing if you'll get out of the country and never bother us again."

"I'm not bothering you now," Joel said sharply. "I'm just trying to make an honest living on a ranch that belongs to me. I haven't seen your calves so I can't tell you where they are. And I have no intention of leaving the country."

"Is that your final word?" Baird asked.

"It is!" Joel said, his anger almost

breaking clear through his control.

Melvin Baird jerked his head at the three men with him and they wheeled their horses and galloped out of the yard.

Joel didn't expect them to look too hard for evidence which would clear him of guilt. They were convinced that he had stolen the calves. They'd have the sheriff out here before the day was over. And, knowing how the country felt about the Fullers, Joel didn't doubt that he would be convicted on some flimsy bit of evidence.

The smart thing to do was get out of the country, Joel thought. But that would only convince people of his guilt, if they weren't already convinced. They were looking for evil in him and, so far as they were concerned, they had found it.

JOEL went to the corral and saddled his horse. His thoughts turned to Lucy Baird. From the moment he'd seen her at church the first Sunday he'd been back in the valley, their friendship had picked up where it had left off six years ago, in spite of Melvin Baird's objections. Now Joel felt that she was the best friend he had in the valley.

He rode toward the Baird ranch. He didn't expect Melvin to be back and so he anticipated no trouble. Mrs. Baird seemed to have no objection to Joel's interest in Lucy. Lucy saw him coming and was in the yard when he reined up.

"Hello, Joel," she greeted. "Has Dad been over to your place?"

Joel nodded as he dismounted. "He accused me of stealing five of

his calves."

"I told him you wouldn't do that," Lucy said. "But he won't listen to anything good about you."

"Where were his calves?" Joel asked.

Lucy pointed at the corrals. "Down there. The gate was open this morning and the calves were gone. He said he found their tracks in that sandy draw over toward your place."

"Couldn't those calves have just wandered off?"

"Dad says he remembers shutting that gate himself," Lucy said. "We'll never convince him that you didn't take them."

Johnny Baird, Lucy's small brother, came out of the house and ran to the corral where he got his horse and rode off toward the river.

"Wonder where he's going in such a hurry?" Joel said.

"Who can keep track of a younger brother?" Lucy said. "What are you going to do, Joel?"

"I'm going to find those calves if I can before your dad gets the sheriff."

"Can I help?"

"You can help me most by staying here and trying to convince your dad that I didn't steal his calves."

Joel mounted again and headed toward the sandy draw where Melvin Baird had said he'd seen the tracks of the calves. Joel found the tracks in the sand, all right, but the trail soon left the draw, going in the direction of the creek. Joel couldn't follow the trail in the grass.

He nudged his horse into a lope toward the creek. He had to find those calves before Baird got the



sheriff. With the people of the valley feeling as they did about the Fullers, Joel would never be able to prove his innocence once he was arrested.

HE reached the creek and turned upstream. Ahead of him, he spotted some calves and he was sure those were the ones he was looking for. But at that moment he saw a cow sunk in a bog just a few yards away. The cow was struggling weakly and Joel knew she had to be pulled from that bog right away if she were to live.

Joel started to uncoil his rope then stopped. Those calves were moving along rapidly. If he didn't overtake them soon, they'd get completely away. Besides, why should he pull the cow out of the bog? The cow belonged to Baird. Why should he save Melvin Baird's cow? Baird would never lift a finger to help him. In fact, he'd do anything he could to condemn him.

Joel started to fasten the rope back to the horn of his saddle but he didn't tie the knot. Who was looking for evil now? How did Joel know that Melvin Baird wouldn't appreciate a helpful act like pulling his cow out of the bog? Joel was jumping at conclusions just like Baird had done in regard to the missing calves.

Joel looked again at the calves rapidly disappearing. He had to have them rounded up before Baird got the sheriff. But if he didn't pull this cow out of the bog immediately, she'd be too weak to live even if she was rescued later.

He uncoiled his rope and tossed it over the cow's long horns then set

his horse to pulling. It took Joel nearly a quarter of an hour to work the cow out to the edge of the bog and up on dry land where she collapsed. He had to tail her up to her feet.

Just as he got the cow on her feet, he saw a half dozen riders coming toward him. He recognized Melvin Baird and the sheriff and he knew he'd spent too much time here. He should have been rounding up those calves. He saw Lucy with the riders and wondered if she had had any luck convincing her father of Joel's innocence. He got his answer quickly.

"Stealing a cow now, are you?" Baird asked sharply.

"She was in the bog," Joel said tightly. "I pulled her out."

"Going to put her with the calves you took?"

"Have you seen the calves?" the sheriff asked with none of the anger that was in Baird's voice.

"They were heading up the river," Joel said. "I was trying to round them up when I found this cow in the bog."

"I suppose you thought you'd get off easy if you brought the calves back," Baird said. "It won't work. The ranchers of this valley won't tolerate a thief running loose."

Joel's anger nearly exploded. But before he could say anything, Lucy spoke up.

"Here comes Johnny. And he's got the calves."

Joel wheeled to look. Johnny Baird was driving the calves toward them. No one said anything until Johnny reached them.

"I've got to tell you something, Dad," Johnny blurted. "When I got my horse out of the corral last night, I forgot to shut the gate. That's why the calves got out."

Melvin Baird stared at his son for a minute. "Why didn't you tell me before?"

"You said you'd whip me if I ever left the gate open again," Johnny said. "I planned to round up the calves first thing this morning. But you accused Joel of stealing them and went off after him before I could get it done."

Baird hung his head. "I guess I jumped at conclusions," he said after a long silence.

"You were looking for evil in Joel," Lucy said. "Why can't you look for good in him?"

Baird sighed. "I'll try, Lucy. Considering that he just pulled a cow out of the bog for me, maybe I won't find that too hard to do."

Lucy reined her horse over beside Joel. "It's very easy to do," she said.

Joel basked in the smile Lucy gave him and suddenly it seemed that there was no evil left in the world. For him it was all good. ■ ■

HELPFUL HUSBAND

I rarely help you with a chore,
As you, my dear, have found;
Indeed, though you have work galore,
I choose to sit around.
I'm lazy, that I cannot deny,
But don't you think it's nice
To have a husband sitting by
Who's handy with advice.

—Tom Conroy

Daily Bible Readings

APRIL

DAY	BOOK	CHAPTER
1	Mark	6:1-29
2	Mark	6:30-56
3	Mark	7:1-23
4 Sunday	Mark	7:24-37
5	Mark	8:1-21
6	Mark	8:22-38
7	Mark	9:1-29
8	Mark	9:30-50
9	Mark	10:1-27
10	Mark	10:28-52
11 Palm Sunday	Mark	11
12	Mark	12
13	Mark	13
14	Mark	14:1-42
15	Mark	14:43-72
16	Mark	15:1-38
17	Mark	15:39-47
18 Easter	Mark	16
19	Matthew	28
20	John	20
21	John	21
22	I Thessalonians	4
23	I Thessalonians	5
24	I Peter	1
25 Sunday	I Peter	2
26	I Peter	3
27	I Peter	4
28	I Peter	5
29	I John	2
30	I John	5

PHOTO CREDITS

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Road to World Health

By Dale Whitney

A picture story of the significant work done by the World Health Organization



Antibiotics save the eyesight of thousands of children who have trachoma, an eye disease that can lead to blindness. According to WHO, a sixth of the world's population is infected with trachoma. WHO is waging a terrific fight against the disease. This girl has just received a treatment.

WHAT really impresses me the most," I was saying to Dr. F. A. Assaad one year ago today in Taichung, Formosa, "are the happy people." "Yes," the WHO (World Health Organization) doctor replied, "Formosans are a happy contented people."

"Sir," I interrupted. "I don't mean the Asians. I mean *you*—representatives of the WHO."

"Come to think of it, we are happy," replied Dr. Assaad who had arrived in Formosa by way of Geneva

and Egypt. "The reason is *we are accomplishing!* Indeed, many of us have accomplished far more than was anticipated when WHO first began.

"I was a young doctor in a Cairo hospital at the time when WHO began in Geneva, Switzerland. This was in 1948. Later I was asked to join WHO because of my knowledge of trachoma—an eye infection from which nearly 500 million human beings suffer in various tropical parts of the world. Victims of trachoma

often become blind and, as trachoma is prevalent in my country, I have spent years in research about it.

"What is essential," Dr. Assaad said, "is that WHO doctors and other health workers keep their ears constantly attuned to the cry of misery that reaches up from diseased millions of men, women, and children. Medical science has painfully acquired expert skill over the years and is capable of responding to the cry of these diseased. However, we must beware of the perils of playing at politics for we doctors have neither the training, aptitude, nor experience to be politicians."

It was hot in Dr. Assaad's office. It was May and already Formosa was humid. When the secretary brought us a cool glass of tea, I was delighted. Dr. Assaad was talking from his desk in the Trachoma Control Center of the Taichung Provincial Hospital. Taichung is located in the heart of Formosa.

The United Nations and WHO had sent me to Asia to photograph and report on a number of subjects. These included leprosy in Korea, trachoma in Formosa, childbirth problems in the Philippines, and refugee problems in Hong Kong and Macau. Because I have done so many articles for THE LINK, I decided to do a personal report on my journey through Asia.

What Is WHO?

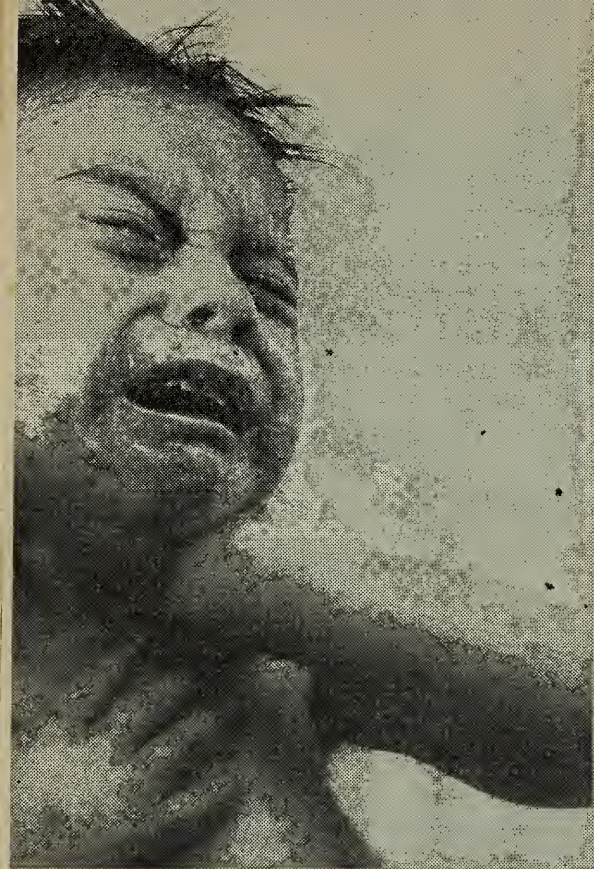
"One of the fundamental rights of every human being," says the Constitution of World Health Organization, "is the enjoyment of the highest attainable standard of health."

Each of the 120-member states of the U.N. contributes yearly to the budget of WHO—an organization designed as *an international cooperative for health*.

Doctors, nurses, engineers, scientists, statisticians, interpreters, translators, secretaries, and others make up the tremendous staff of WHO; all are specialists recruited from many countries. The Director-General is appointed by the World Health Assembly. Regional Directors are ap-

Ziagul (name means "flower of light") from Afghanistan becomes a nurse. She is a 17-year-old girl from Kabul who recently graduated as an auxiliary nurse midwife. Afghanistan's medical training program, assisted by WHO, is reaching farther and farther out into the villages.





This little boy from Guatemala City is a victim of a malnutrition disease—*kwashiorkor*. The spots on his face are typical of the disease which is widespread in the tropics and sub-tropics. *Kwashiorkor* cannot touch children who get enough milk, meat, eggs, or protein-rich food.

pointed for the six regions—the Americas, Europe, Africa, Southeast Asia, Eastern Mediterranean and the Western Pacific. In Asia, I worked out of WHO headquarters in Manila, but my assignment was made in Geneva. Other regional offices are

Alexandria, Brazzaville, Copenhagen, New Delhi, and Washington, D.C. Figures show that in 1963, there were about 2,500 WHO staff members around the world. Also 800 health projects were supported in 143 countries. During the past year, membership grew to 120 states and when the Assembly met in Geneva, they adopted a budget of \$34 million dollars to support these 800 projects. Membership to WHO is open to all countries.

What Does WHO Do?

I can't begin in a single article to describe all of the WHO projects, but will give some samples. WHO assistance takes many forms, such as: strengthening national health services; helping train more and better health workers; fighting major diseases; protecting maternal and child health; improving sanitation and water supply; promoting mental health.

WHO also provides services needed by all countries alike. These include an epidemic information service, international quarantine measures, world health statistics, the standardization of drugs, vaccines and other medical substances, the promotion of medical research, and a technical publications program. Projects are based upon requests from member countries and no project is ever pushed upon a country without the cooperation of that country's Public Health Services.

Epidemic Warnings

The five great pestilences of history—plague, cholera, smallpox, ty-



phus and yellow fever—still linger on and continue as an everpresent menace in our age of rapid air and sea transport. WHO maintains a watchdog service that collects information on outbreaks and broadcasts it daily to health authorities, ports, airports, and ships at sea. WHO also keeps national health services informed about outbreaks of virus diseases such as influenza and poliomyelitis.

Personally Involved

Two years ago when I was in Hong Kong, during the greatest water shortage this small island ever had, cholera broke out among the

ABOVE: Brunei girls have broken with a tradition of the Malay girl's secluded life to become nurses. A young student nurse in the infant ward of a hospital. **BELOW:** Aerial view of the Palais des Nations of Geneva which houses World Health Organization (WHO) Headquarters. Each of the 116 members of WHO contributes to its budget.



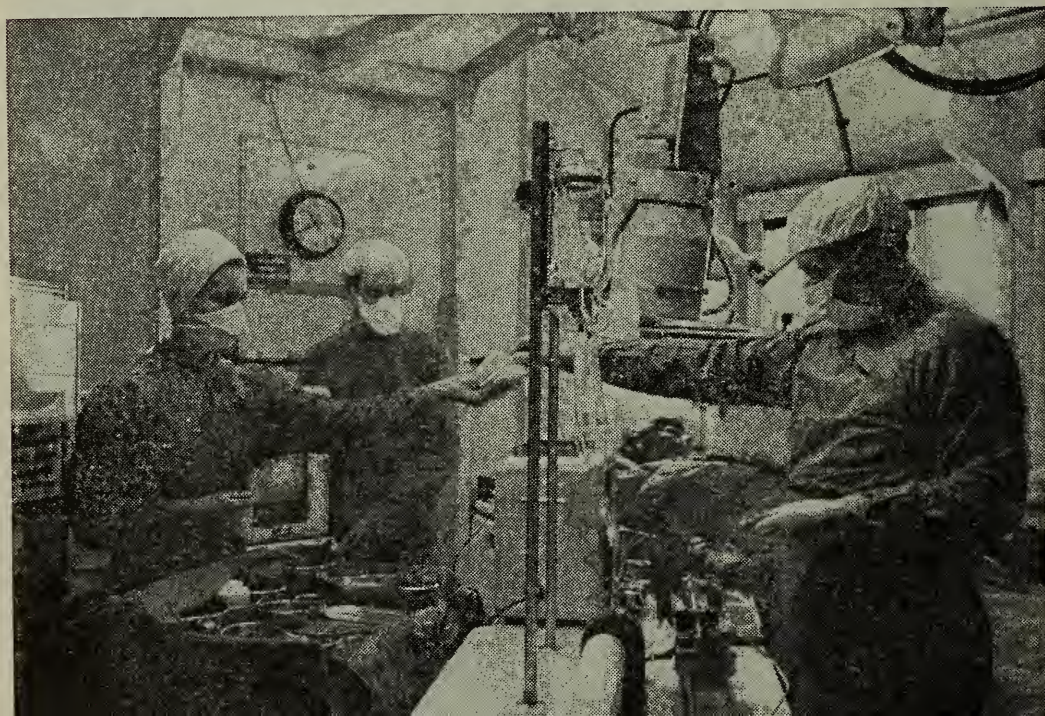


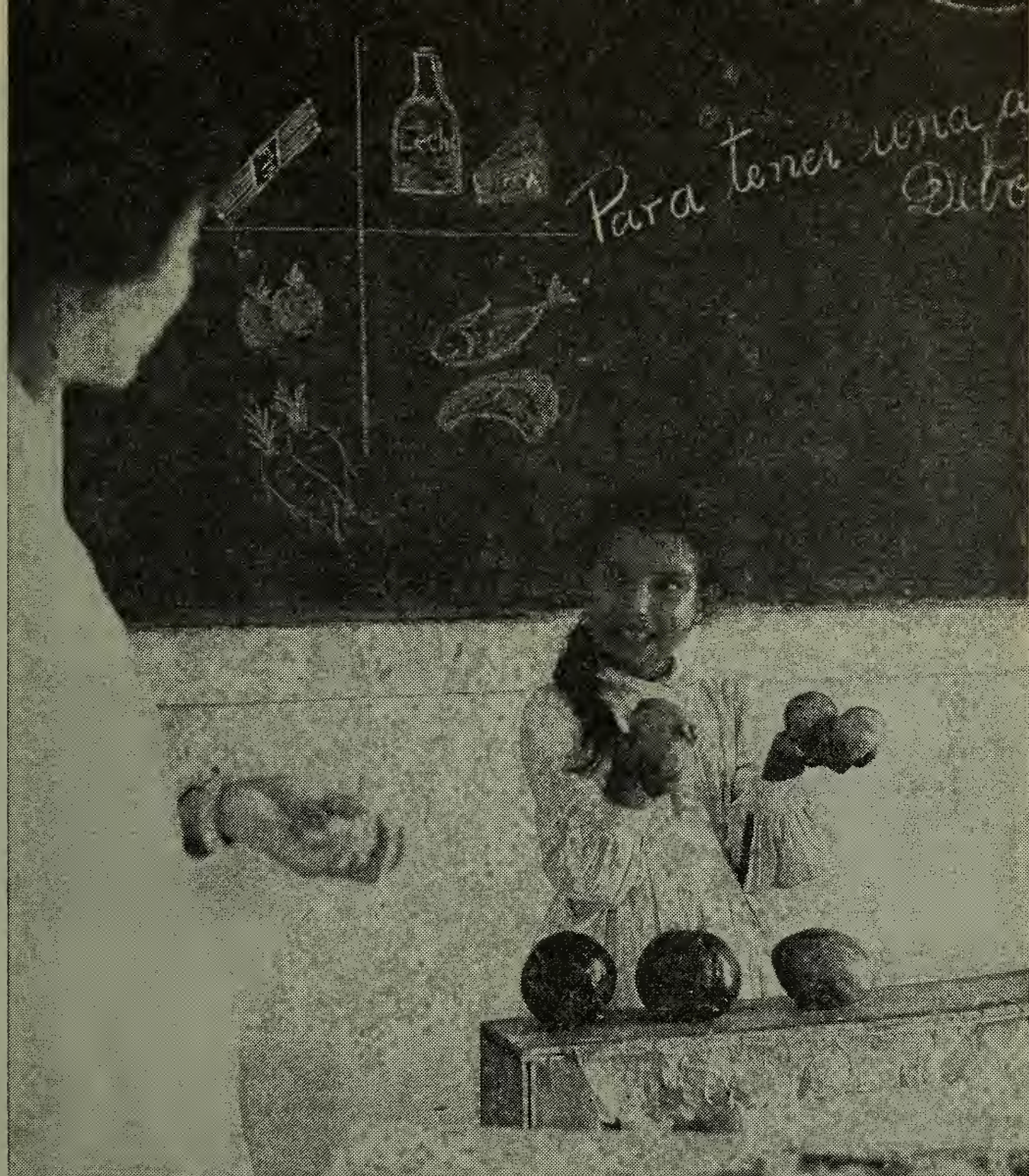
refugees. Within a few hours all of Asia was informed, and while cholera inoculations were given free to everyone in Hong Kong and Macau, the Philippines and other Asian countries set up strict checking of certificates for all persons entering these countries. No one was allowed to enter who failed to get cholera inoculations. (There were twelve deaths during the seven weeks of the epidemic.)

Education

A large share of WHO's resources

ABOVE: Malaria renders vast fertile areas of the world unfit for habitation, weakens agricultural production and bars progress. The disease is transmitted by mosquitoes and is fought with insecticides (to kill the mosquitoes) and drugs (to kill the parasites in the bloodstream of sufferers). Picture shows malaria team in India making its way by elephant through a marsh to spray insecticide. **BELOW:** Leading causes of sickness and death in industrialized countries are poliomyelitis, cancer, heart disease, and accidents. WHO is encouraging the development of new weapons to fight these modern killers. Our photo shows doctors measuring heart's output of blood.

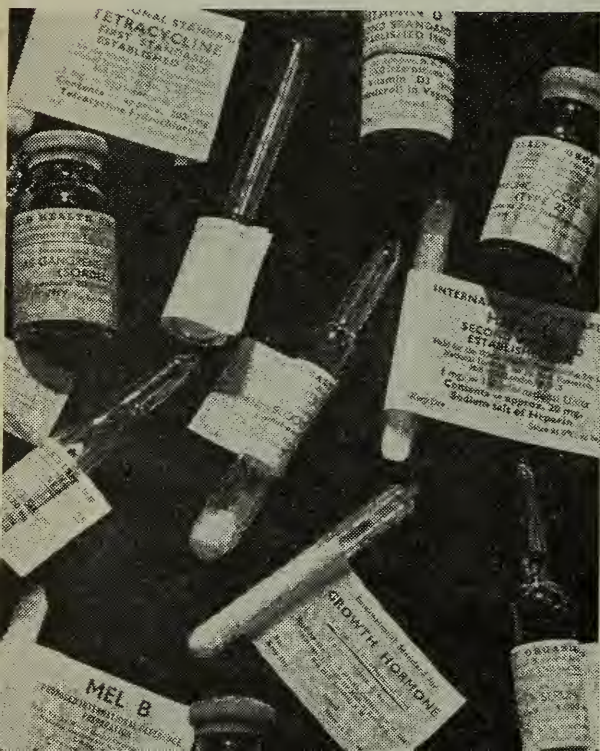




In many under-developed countries, the school provides the way to health. In Paraguay children are taught cooking and hygiene. In turn they pass on to their parents the elementary rules of health and nutrition. The little girl in this photo is 9-year-old Maria-Luisa Cantero, whose parents are farmers in a village called Nemby. Here she is learning how to enrich her family's diet with the fruit and vegetables which grow in plenty on the farms in her village. This knowledge will help her to grow and thrive, and later, when she too becomes a mother, help her to bring up a healthier family.

is devoted to fellowship and to training, especially in the newly independent countries. Shortage of doctors, nurses, and other health workers is the main obstacle to improving the world's health. Our 1963 statistics show a higher amount of fellowships granted to countries of the African region. Excluding the Republic of South Africa, WHO found that there is an overall average of only *one doctor for 20,000 inhabitants* in Africa.

International standards for the strength and purity of medical substances have been developed by WHO. Many countries are aligning their medical products with these standards. Samples of substances conforming to international standards are made available to laboratories all over the world in the forms shown below.



In all man's recorded history one disease has stood apart from all others and has set man apart from man—leprosy. It is still widespread and it has been estimated that there are 200,000 cases in Burma alone. The three Burmese girls in the picture are victims, but they are not condemned, as they would have been a few years back, to live a life apart, for the new sulfa drugs can arrest the disease and prevent its spread. A WHO-assisted leprosy control project in Burma has so far brought help to about 34,000 patients.

Besides Dr. Assaad in Formosa, many other WHO doctors and nurses have impressed me because of what they are accomplishing. I refer to those working in Korea, Burma, Thailand, India, and elsewhere.

They are researching *ways* to control leprosy, bilharziasis (snail fever), cholera, the plague, tuberculosis, and yaws. I have never seen such concentrated effort to find the *cause, control,* and *way* to eradication of these

crippling and dreaded diseases. I am convinced that if there is a way the WHO doctors and health workers will find *that way!*

My assignment in the Philippines was interesting and from it I learned a great deal. Mother and child health is an important part of WHO's work, because of the shortage of doctors and nurses, and because the mortality among babies is five times higher in Asia and Africa than elsewhere.

These smiling school children at Calotmut, Mexico, prove that pretty teeth make pretty smiles. Ideally, dental inspection and any necessary treatment of caries or periodontal disease should not only start in the pre-school period but should be continued throughout school life.





Readers of THE LINK are familiar with the articles and pictures of Dale Whitney. At the time she did the pictures and story on WHO, which we are printing in this issue, she was making a world tour for WHO. Here the photographer is photographed in Formosa—one of the countries she visited. A citizen of the U.S.A., Dale has made her home for the past several years in Vienna, Austria.

I did a photo story in Vigan, Ilocus Sur, a village north of Manila. The midwives here are called *hilots* and about 90 percent of them had never received midwife or nursing instructions until WHO established a training program throughout Asia for these illiterates.

There are 12,000 *hilots* in the Philippines. A few are as young as 20; many are as old as 80. Their mother and great-grandmother also practiced the primitive customs of the *hilot*. Giving no thought to hygiene in delivery or afterbirth, the *hilot* has been the cause of thousands of deaths.

To make the *hilots'* practice less dangerous, the Philippine govern-

ment and WHO launched the Hilot Teaching Program in 1954. By 1963, 5,920 *hilots* had been trained. Today, in the Philippines, trained *hilots* have gained recognition for they are an important part of the medical and health workers *so badly needed*.

Now I understand why I met so many happy people. They were accomplishing. WHO doctors, nurses, and health workers will reach their goal—the road to world health!

The words of Dr. Assaad echo in my ears: "What is essential is that we WHO doctors keep our ears constantly attuned to the cry of misery and disease that reaches us from millions of men, women, and children." ■ ■

Now There Was an Athlete!

ON JUNE 26, 1914, there entered into the world one of the most amazing and marvelous girls that the sports world has ever known. She was born to the Didriksons, a sixth child named Mildred Ella, who was later better known as "Babe."

Mildred got her nickname of Babe after hitting five home runs in a single baseball game. She was named after her idol, the great Babe Ruth.

At fifteen, while attending Beaumont High School, she tried out for the girls' basketball squad. At the end of the season she was the highest scorer and was also named to the all-city and all-state teams.

One day she was spotted by Colonel McComb during one of her high-scoring games. He offered her a job with his insurance company and a chance to play on his all-girl basketball team. She accepted with delight and made the all-American Basketball team after her first season of play with them.

In the summer of 1930, she joined the Women's A.A.U. Championships in Dallas. She won the javelin throw, baseball throw, and came in second in the broad jump.

In 1932 she participated in the tryouts for the Olympics which were held in Chicago. She was the sole member who represented the insurance company's team. Other outfits had sent fifteen or more girls to represent them. She entered eight of the ten events that memorable day; and when it was over she had gained a total of 30 points. In second place with 22 points was the 22-member team of the Illinois Women's Athletic Club. The Babe had won the national championships singlehanded, winning five events, tying the first in another, and fourth in the last.

During the 1932 Olympics in Los Angeles, she hurled the javelin 143 feet 4 inches for a new Olympic and world record. In the 80-meter hurdles she established a new Olympic and world record of 11.7 seconds.

In golf she won over 100 tournaments and became the first American girl to win the Women's British Amateur. She then turned pro making a fortune in prize money.

In 1956, at the age of 42, she was stricken with cancer and passed away—the Greatest Woman Athlete who ever lived!

—Mario DeMarco

New Discipleship and the Old Law

By George A. Buttrick

Chapter 4 in a study of the Sermon on the Mount

WE HAVE said that The Sermon on the Mount is the first of five sections in Matthew's Gospel which sets forth the teachings of Jesus, and that in each section the author of the Gospel has gathered his material in brilliant mosaic. We have said further that such an interpretation does not nullify but rather underscores the inspiration of the Gospels: the Holy Spirit uses a man's gifts, heightening his artistry as well as giving him insight and fire. Thus The Sermon has a plan both from Christ and from Matthew. This particular section is definite in itself and clear in purpose: it contrasts the new law of love with the ancient Torah in six clear instances. (Read Mt. 5:17-48.)

I

Jesus was reared in the Jewish law, and could well have said with the psalmist: "O how I love thy law!" Surely he had no wish to remove even a "jot" (the smallest letter in the Hebrew alphabet) or a "tittle" (one small part of a Hebrew alphabet letter). Yet it is probable that Matthew belonged to the conservative Jewish wing of the early church, and that therefore he was eager to stress Christ's concern for the Torah, lest those who might be converts from Judaism should fear that Christ was a heretic or even an iconoclast. The fact is that Christ broke with the Law which faithful Jews almost revered. Paul told Gentile converts that they need not enter the new

Dr. Buttrick is a distinguished American clergyman, author of many books, and general editor of The Interpreter's Bible. He lives in Evanston, Ill.

faith through any Judaistic door, and Christ himself said: "You have heard that it was said of old" (i.e. in the synagogue reading of the Law), "but I say to you." Thus the break: Jesus becomes a new Sinai. How could he break with the Law, and yet "fulfill" it? The six instances will show. We now turn to them. Then we shall return to answer our question.

II

First Instance: Discipleship and the Law in regard to murder. The Law was clear: "Thou shalt not kill" is the sixth commandment. But Christ goes beyond and beneath the Law. If a man is angry with his neighbor, or if he stigmatizes his neighbor ("You blockhead!"), he is guilty of incipient murder. Such a man is not brought before human courts, but stands nevertheless before the judgment seat of God. Contempt, anger, and a cherished grudge are so dark in God's sight that if the angry man brings a special sacrifice to the Temple, he would be wise to leave it there while he seeks reconciliation with his enemy, and only then return to worship.

George Gissing says, "The postbag shrieks insults!" But what of anger and hatred never written in letters, signed or anonymous? If our thoughts were known and punished, who among us would not deserve hanging? But notice: Rabbinical teaching at its finest had said just what Jesus here says. A first century rabbi wrote: "He who hates his neighbor, behold he is one who belongs to the shedders of blood." Then what is the difference between the new discipleship and the old Law? How does the new righteousness "exceed" the old? We shall see. Meanwhile mark the rigor of the new law: anger is in danger of "hell"—the valley of Hinnon southwest of Jerusalem where human sacrifices had once been offered, and where refuse was still burned. Who is equal to the new demand?

Second Instance: Discipleship and the Law in regard to adultery. The Law confined adultery to sexual intercourse with the wife or the betrothed of a fellow Jew; Christ says, "woman," meaning any woman. The tenth commandment forbids a man to "covet" his neighbor's wife. But Christ says that the sexual desire is as culpable as the unworthy sexual act: "has already lain with her in his heart." It were better to cut off the lustful hand and to pluck out the lustful eye. We guess rightly that such counsel is "hyperbole"; Christ is not recommending such literal self-mutilation.

But the word hyperbole does not cancel the stringency. Paul says

figuratively, but vitally and at cost: "I pommel my body and subdue it." Then what can we make of such (impossible?) stringency on the part of the "gentle Jesus"? We agree, as did the Jews, that good intentions are reckoned in God's mercy as good deeds; but we assume, as did the Jews, that evil intentions are not as bad as evil deeds. Why not? Maybe if a man shrinks from the deed, his desires have changed. Look at the sexual "freedom" (is it free?) and the prostitution of our times, and then read again verses 27-30. There is a great gulf set!

Third Instance: Discipleship and the old Law in regard to marriage and divorce. The "certificate of divorce" was the man's privilege because a wife then could not divorce her husband, but the "certificate" was still intended to protect the woman: it would not be retracted, and she would show it to prove her liberty. She would even apply to the courts for the certificate if her husband were diseased, or engaged in trade or vows contrary to the Law. There was concern for "the weaker sex." But Christ forbade divorce outrightly, for it is generally agreed among scholars that the words "except for unchastity" are probably a late addition to the original text.

The early church had to meet the problem of divorce, as we do also in our time. If you read 1 Corinthians 7:12-15 you will see the church of Corinth wrestling with the same issue. If a husband is wanton, or murderous, or insane, should divorce be forbidden? In Mark's Gospel (10:2-9) Jesus says that the Law does not "allow" the "bill of divorcement," but suffers it because of the "hardness" of men's hearts."

Perhaps we have the beginning of an answer in that word. But we must always guard against the temptation to dilute the teachings of Christ. Marriage biologically is for the ongoing of the race. More deeply it is for the joy of the family. Most deeply it is a sacramental act, "signifying the mystical union that is betwixt Christ and his church," the indissoluble bond between God and man. Anyone who says, "Oh, well, if it doesn't work out, we can get a divorce," is under judgment. Isn't it strange that we train for athletics, business, and the professions, but do not train for marriage and the obligations of citizenship?

Fourth Instance: Discipleship and the old Law in regard to oaths. This passage deals with oaths and vows, but more with truth-telling, because oaths imply that some men lie. When we say, "Cross my heart," we are confessing that we are not always so serious with the truth. The rabbis of Christ's day carried on a hair-splitting controversy about oaths. An oath in the name of God was always binding,

but an oath "by heaven and earth" or "by Jerusalem" was not.

But Christ sweeps away the whole business. "Let your communications be *yea, yea*," should be translated, "Let your *yes* be *yes*, and your *no* mean *no*." Why? Because a man's life is under God who is Truth. "Heaven" is his throne, "earth" is his footstool, and "Jerusalem" a city where he is king. So every oath or vow is directly or indirectly in his name—and every word we speak.

Again this rigor brings questions: should a physician tell the patient he has cancer if that word may kill the patient then and there from shock? The New Testament injunction is harder than a demand to tell the truth: we are to tell "the truth in love." Meanwhile: how careless we are with words! They are deeds, deeds of the lips. They can slay or save. They are the most instant means of communication with our neighbors, the most flexible (and so most easily twisted), and the most freighted with personhood.

Fifth Instance: Discipleship and the old Law in regard to revenge. The old law was "an eye for an eye": so much injury inflicted, so much requital. We must remember that the law represented a great advance. It forbade *more* retribution than injury, and ended the vendetta, the family blood feuds which at each alternate retaliation grew in violence and cruelty.

But Jesus here requires not merely a further advance but a totally new attitude: the disciple will not expect, much less exact, *any* requital. If an enemy strikes him with the back of the hand on the right cheek, he will endure the follow-through with the palm of the hand on the other cheek; if a hostile neighbor sues for the undergarment, he will let him have the outer cloak also (used by the poor as covering by night as well as by day); if a Roman soldier says, "Here you: carry this!", he will carry it not only the mile allowed by the law of the conqueror, but two miles.

Compare the whittling down implied in *our* interpretation of "the second mile": *we* use it of any extra unrequired labor (for our own good, maybe), but in the teaching of Jesus it is used of our act toward an enemy. But isn't this demand of Christ simply more than human nature can stand? The early Christians followed it to the letter: they endured injury rather than inflict it, and learned to despise the suffering. For what? For love of God and consequent love of man. How is an enemy changed to a friend? Not by retaliation. Not by law: if a man steals your watch and is thrust into jail, you are worse off (lacking both a watch and a potential friend), and he

emerges worse off from having been in jail. The figure of justice over our law courts is blindfolded!

Sixth Instance: Discipleship and the old Law in regard to the love of our neighbor. In fairness we must understand that the old Law never prescribed hatred of an enemy, but certainly "neighbor" was usually taken to mean a fellow-Jew, despite the wider humaneness of certain rabbinical injunctions. "Love your enemies," was startling doctrine! So was, "Pray for those who persecute you"!

Three reasons are given and they are almost as startling as the teaching: one, life is on a vertical line, and that line must be kept unbroken: we must live as God's children; two, discipleship should show as a new thing in the world (oppressive taxgatherers are kind to taxgatherers, and even they speak peace to neighbors who speak peace to them); and three, in summation, God is kind in his providence to the just and the unjust, and his children (being "perfect"; meaning, not sinless, but honest with God and therefore consistent in goodwill towards men) will do as he would do, trusting in his power and grace.

III

Now we must ask what constitutes the newness, and how such teaching can ever be fulfilled by fallible and sinful men. Far too concisely we here make four comments.

One, this passage is not Six Words in place of the Decalogue, and we must neither dissolve it for our purpose, nor harden it into a new law. Christ related conduct to its origin in obedience to God.

Two, a life governed by law is always in danger: the law is not flexible enough to cover the onsets of an ever-changing world; if a man thinks he keeps it, he is delivered to self-righteousness; if he knows he cannot keep it, he may sink into despair; and, if he breaks the law, the law has nothing to say to him except to write his name on the police-blotter.

Three, this passage in the Sermon therefore describes "the fruit of the Spirit," the goodwill of that kingdom which came with Christ and which hereafter shall come in its fullness.

Four, The Sermon must not be wrenched away from the whole gospel. In plain fact we cannot keep the demands of Christ in our own broken and sinful powers. But we can plead his pardon and receive by his grace a new heart and a right spirit, and so learn more and more to live in love towards God and our fellowmen. ■ ■

"I Didn't Know"

By Donald R. Brown

But sometimes it is *your* responsibility to find out

I DIDN'T know the gun was loaded!" ran the line of a rather popular melody a few years ago. Many shooting accidents occur during each hunting season and there is often the claim, "I didn't know that the gun was loaded!" Even if true, this doesn't return the life that has been taken.

Many young men in military service excuse themselves by saying, "I didn't know. . . ." It's not hard to believe a desperate young man when he says, "I went AWOL because I didn't know there was any other way that I could get home to see my sick mother." Often it is tragically true; he didn't know.

In a recent survey of the men who had been "Absent Without Leave" in my unit, we discovered that about half of the men simply overstayed their legitimate leave. "I just couldn't get away when my time was up, and I didn't know that I could call and have my leave extended."

How is it possible for a military man to say, "I didn't know?" Is it

the fault of the man himself, or the commander, or maybe even the chaplain?

The commander of our post would like very much to know. All the units here are working on this problem to help the commander find out. Commanders post notices, give lectures, show training films, send the men to talk to the chaplain, and do all possible to inform the soldier. Still some claim, "I didn't know!"

Regardless of the amount of effort expended by commanders and chaplains, military personnel still ignore the timely warnings that are offered.

Remember that every soldier is expected to assume certain responsibilities. He is to listen to the announcements given at each formation; he is to read the notices posted on the bulletin boards. In short, he is to know exactly what is expected of him. To gain a promotion, a military man finds out what steps he must take to qualify. Initiative is required. Guidance is offered by each superior, but the individual himself must supply the action.

Every military man, regardless of rank, is expected to polish his own brass and boots. This is one thing regulations indicate quite clearly. Even the chaplain cannot ask his busy assistant to do such tasks. The appearance of the soldier is stressed and full length mirrors are strategically placed to aid the memory.

Yet in every area of life the excuse "I didn't know" keeps creeping in. "I didn't know I was supposed to wear the new crest on my field jacket, too." But the commander responds, "Sorry, but everyone else got the word. You're the only one without it. Is everyone out of step, but you?"

Civilian and military persons share the common cry, "I didn't know I was exceeding the speed limit!" The judge may be warm-hearted but the verdict is still the same, "Thirty dollars or thirty days!"

I HAD heard "I didn't know" for quite some time, but wasn't aware of the real problem it was causing until recently. It was brought into focus by a letter from the Third U.S. Army chaplain. He referred to a study of cases of AWOL recently made by the Commanding General who had sent copies of the report to all unit commanders.

Our command chaplain was quite concerned. "This is primarily a commander's problem, he wrote to each of his chaplains, but it is also yours and mine, since each chaplain is on the commander's staff and the commander's problems are also the chaplain's. Moreover, AWOL is a primary chaplain problem because every

chaplain is interested in the personal well-being of the soldier and in the development of his character."

His letter outlined methods that I and others might use to prevent young men from saying, "I didn't know." This we can do in our counseling, in our character guidance presentations, in our orientation lectures, and in our sermons. We must instill in every man a sense of responsibility to himself, his family, the military service, and his country.

Young men who do know what lies ahead of them have many advantages. A certain young fellow came to me with an urgent and personal appeal to go home for a few days, even though he was awaiting a court martial. I couldn't obtain leave for him at that time; the regulations are quite explicit. He went AWOL regardless, and could not say, "I didn't know." Remarkably, the court took notice of his attempt to get some assistance from me, considered the severity of his personal problem, and rendered a rather merciful decision.

You probably have not been AWOL nor experienced any type of military justice. However, you may still hide behind "I didn't know."

Stop for just a moment. Consider carefully. Are you AWOL from God? Do you try to hide behind "I didn't know what I was supposed to believe. I didn't know I should have faith in Jesus Christ."

Take a close look into that spiritual mirror. Do you measure up? Or are you trying to hide something from God?

Did the chaplain fail to tell you? Is

it his fault that you're AWOL from God? Or did he try to tell you, while your mind was AWOL, out there on the green golf course,—or was it at the beach?

Military regulations are quite specific about what you can do and what you cannot. The Bible is also quite clear. It declares that you must have faith in Jesus Christ to gain eternal life.

Somehow, few people ever read military directives, even less consult God's commands. In every unit, there are a few individuals who are considered experts in the ARs (Army regulations). They are the ones to whom every one turns to get vital information.

Regrettably, perhaps, most men turn to the "religious expert" (chaplain?) about God's regulations. They do not consult the Bible personally. The chaplain is consulted about God's regulations, but usually not until after God's law has been violated for a period of time. The only thing left to say is "I didn't know. . . ."

The commander gives varied and valuable information during Troop Information each week. The chaplain offers Troop Spiritual Information

weekly on Sunday mornings and other announced times. Casual observations reveal that many men seem disinterested in the first and simply skip the second.

My heart is saddened to hear a clean-cut young soldier say, "Yes, chaplain, I always attended church with my family back home. But since I've been in the service, I just usually stay in the sack. I didn't know. . . ."

A recent survey of my unit indicated that about 20 percent of men (who filled out the forms completely) have never attended church at all. Most disturbing was the fact that about 60 percent of those who attended regularly as civilians do not continue to worship regularly while in the Army.

The most factual, imploring plea, "I didn't know . . ." will have no effect on the military court. Specific offenses require a specified type of punishment.

What do you expect God in his perfect judgment to say when you plead, "I didn't know I had to have faith in Jesus Christ. Can't I have another chance? There's just so much that I didn't know!" How about getting on the ball and finding out!



QUOTES

If you go through life with a clenched fist, nobody can ever put anything in it.—*Kingman Journal*. . . . People call it *take-home* pay because there is no other place you can afford to go with it.—*Catholic Digest*. . . . America: A place where we jump traffic lights to save seconds, and wait patiently for hours on the first tee.—*Fifth Wheel*. . . . A true friend is one who thinks you're a good egg—though you're slightly cracked.—*Manhattan Mercury*.



New Life for Old

By Fred Cloud

THE ancient Egyptians believed in a fabulous bird called the phoenix which lived five hundred years, then was consumed by fire, and finally rose to new life out of its own ashes. Christians have used the phoenix as a symbol of resurrection or immortality.

Maybe the phoenix leaves you cold. It's hard for many people to get excited about an idea that is expressed in a myth or fable. But, in all likelihood, you share in the widespread human desire for personal renewal: new life for old. Every Easter, Americans make a big to-do about

Priory Street, Coventry, England. From here we can see the ruins of the old Cathedral on our left and entrance to the new Cathedral on our right.

Easter eggs and lilies—which are symbols of new life; new clothes, which hark back to the days when catechumens put on new clothes after receiving baptism, symbolic of the new life they proposed to lead; and the empty tomb, symbolic of Jesus Christ's triumph over death.

In our day, there is a dramatic new symbol of new life for old, vitality springing up out of ashes: the Cathedral Church of St. Michael in Coventry, England. Just to see it—as I did last July—is to witness a “sermon in stone.” For side-by-side are the bombed-out hull of an ancient Gothic cathedral and an ultra-modern cathedral, joined by steps and a porch. And the new life which is symbolized in glass and stone is being experienced in the life of the Christians in the parish.

The story is a dramatic one. The original cathedral was built in the year 1053 by Leofric and Lady Godiva (better known, by most readers, for her bareback ride). It was a beautiful Gothic cathedral, and served for centuries as a place of worship for English Christians.

But on the night of November 14, 1940—a clear, cold, moonlit night in Coventry—Nazi bombers roared over the town and showered it with incendiary bombs. The fierce fires that sprang up could not be coped with by the valiant firefighters. By morning, the cathedral had

burned completely, leaving the bare walls standing like an architectural skeleton. The locale of Christian devotion for centuries had been destroyed in a single night!

But the citizens of Coventry, and especially the Christians, were not easily daunted: “The Cathedral will rise again, more splendid than before!” they vowed. They remembered the lesson of the empty tomb: new life for old; out of ashes, a new being!

A cathedral is not built overnight. And since it may stand for centuries, it should be the result of careful consideration and planning. This was the approach taken to the building of the new Cathedral of St. Michael at Coventry. First, competition was opened for a new design. Instead of merely rebuilding the old church, the decision was to build a completely new one.

Winner of the competition was Basil Spence, who had been a British soldier in World War II and whose life ambition was to build a cathedral. (He tells how he conceived the Cathedral and carried through to completion in the book, *Phoenix at Coventry*, Fontana Books, 1964.) Spence's design was chosen over 218 other designs, ranging from traditional to ultramodern in style. His design is modern, and the building is constructed of modern building materials—steel, concrete, and glass.



Students from an English boys' school assemble in the ruins of the old Cathedral before the service.

THE Cathedral is not a solo performance, however; great artists in various media contributed to its completion. The famous sculptor Sir Jacob Epstein made the large figures of St. Michael and the Devil which are mounted on the outside wall, to the right of the steps as one enters the cathedral from the street. The Baptistry window was designed by John Piper; it has been called "probably the greatest piece of stained glass since the Reformation." And behind the altar is a tremendous tapestry—seventy feet high—designed by Graham Sutherland, depicting "Christ in Glory." The baptismal font was hewn from a three-ton boulder taken from the valley near Bethlehem; hence, it is called "The Bethlehem Font," and it arrived at the Cathedral on Christmas Eve, 1960. Here, in England's newest cathedral, is a font older than the Christian faith itself! Here, again, we

have the tension of old and new: God's Creation and his New Creation.

The new Cathedral was consecrated by the Bishop of Coventry on May 25, 1962, as Queen Elizabeth II and thousands of worshipers looked on prayerfully. Lettered in stone on the floor are these words: "To the Glory of God this Cathedral, burnt November 14, A.D. 1940, is now rebuilt 1962."

Thousands of persons—Christians and non-Christians, as well—visit the new Cathedral in Coventry each year. But this is not a curiosity or a museum; it is first and foremost a place to worship. One of the chapels at the Cathedral is a circular Chapel of Unity. This is open to persons of all faiths and all nations. While I was in Coventry I stayed in a barracks (located in the ruins of the old cathedral) with a group of "peace work campers"—Episcopal

young people from the U.S.A. who were giving two weeks to guide visitors around the Cathedral and do other necessary work. Each day, they had Bible study and prayer. As we prayed together in the Chapel of Unity, I was aware of how deeply this Cathedral had caught the imagination of persons. For they felt, even as I did, that the new cathedral built right beside the ruins of the old symbolizes the triumph of good over evil, of life over death, of God over all the forces of darkness and evil.

God, who raised Jesus from the dead on the first Easter, is constantly raising men from the death of preoccupation with self. He is constantly giving men the vision and the courage to build more beautiful mansions when old ones fall into decay or are wantonly destroyed by evil men. For whether it is Coventry, or Kansas City, or Kodiak, God is a living God who wants men to affirm life and to have faith in the triumph of good over evil, of creativity over destruction, of love over hate. The Easter message is: *new life for old!*

At the right of the steps leading to the porch of the Cathedral are St. Michael and the Devil, as sculptured by the late Sir Jacob Epstein.



He Went to a Cross



SOLDIERS—or sailors, or marines, or airmen—are no better, and no worse, than anyone else. Being exposed to brutality, they may become brutal. Given authority, they may misuse it. But it has also happened that some servicemen, confronted by war and combat, resolve to counteract, with kindness, what they are forced to do by war. John Hersey's *A Bell For Adano* is a classic story of this.

Yet it was the soldiers who added insult to injury at the trial of a seemingly harmless Palestinian artisan some years ago. The man was condemned to death by the foreign overlord who ruled his country, condemned on the basis of charges brought against him by his own people. And the soldiers of the foreign power decided to have a little fun at his expense.

They found an old scarlet robe some place, the color that kings delight to wear. Somebody quickly cut

branches off a thorn bush and twisted them into a grotesque kind of crown. They pulled off the prisoner's clothes and put the red robe on him. They pushed the thorny crown down hard so that it brought blood from his forehead. They put a cane in his hands. Then with great glee they fell on their feet before him and jeered, "Hail, King of the Jews!" But to be sure that no one would get the wrong idea, they next spit on him, roughly grabbed the cane from his hand, and beat him with it.

After a few minutes of this sport, they got tired. The prisoner gave them no satisfaction either of seeking mercy or of defiance. So they took the robe back, gave him his own clothes, put his cross on his shoulder (later they conscripted a man in the crowd to carry it), and led him to the place where he was to be crucified.

Yet hours later, after the poor

Dr. Hunt is the minister of the Fanwood Presbyterian Church, Fanwood, N.J.

By George L. Hunt

prisoner had hung on his cross until the life blood drained out of him, things happened which led these same soldiers and their commanding officer to exclaim, "Truly this man was a son of God." And centuries later there are, in the United States alone, over 112 million people who declare, not that this crucified prisoner was merely *a* son of God, but that he is uniquely God's only Son, that he is Lord, that he is the world's Savior, and that he is now alive and at work among men.

How Did It Happen?

How does it happen that the man whom the soldiers could mock so heartlessly turns out to be acclaimed by millions of people in such exalted terms? It happens, in the first place, because these people bear witness that they know this Jesus arose from the dead. Certain of his followers saw him alive after his passion. On the basis of this fact of the resurrection they preached that he was stronger than death—the strongest, greatest, and most final, conclusive enemy we know. And people believed, were converted, started

churches, began to tell others the astounding story, started to live changed lives, influenced society at strategic points, until today the followers of this Jesus Christ—called Christians—constitute a major religion of the world.

But it is not the miracle of the resurrection *by itself* which has led to the growth and influence of the Christian faith. It is the experience of *death and resurrection* that accounts for Christianity—Christ's own death and resurrection, the death and resurrection known by his followers. Christianity cannot be understood or explained apart from Christ's cross. The cross and the empty tomb go together as the symbols or signs of what the Christian faith is all about.

Why Did He Die?

Jesus submitted to the brutality of the soldiers because he had already submitted to the will of God, his Father. He was convinced that it was necessary for him to die if God's purpose for men was to be accomplished.

That purpose was—and is—forgiveness, reconciliation. There is fundamental disorder at the heart of all human relationships and of the man-God relationship. It is marked by the feeling that we are always at odds with God, other people, and ourselves. Our relationships are broken, imperfect, and this is due to the way each of us thinks more often and more highly of himself than he ought to think. In other words, our self-centeredness and pride stand in the way of a good rela-



tionship with others. This is what is wrong between us and God. Rather than obey and serve him as stewards and servants, we try to go it alone, to be our own gods, or to let false gods have the loyalty that belongs to God alone. And because of this broken relationship with God, all human relationships are imperfect and out of joint.

But God's purpose is to forgive us and for us to be reconciled with him. How could this be accomplished? God, in his wisdom, saw that this would take a death and resurrection. He saw that we would have to die, to give up the old kind of people we are, and to be reborn—resurrected—as a new kind of person, a new man, a new creation. But this could not be accomplished merely by telling us that this is what we ought to do. We all know how difficult it is to tell someone what he ought to do and then expect him to do it. This could be accomplished only by God doing something himself to bring about our death and resurrection. And what God chose to do was the most extreme, unlikely, and unbelievable thing imaginable.

He chose to let his only Son die in order to make our forgiveness and reconciliation possible. And then he chose to raise that Son from the dead, for to leave him in the grave would have indicated that death is stronger than God. And he chose, further, to be reunited with his Son in heaven, to teach men that his Son was part of himself, that his Son was God and Lord. He also chose—in the fourth place—to send upon his church on earth the Holy

Spirit as the power by which men could experience their own death and resurrection. God's aim is this rebirth; and he did these four things to make that rebirth possible. Christ died that we might die to self; Christ rose again and lives that we might live only for God.

A beautiful theory, you say? A great idea, but it won't work? The history and life of the church proves the skeptic to be wrong. We can discount all the people who have been Christian in name only who have never changed their lives from the old way to the new way. Their name may be legion, so far as we know. We can admit that none of us who accepts the name Christian has completely died to the old self and been raised again to the new. Yet we will also declare that what we are we are because Christ died for us and because God's Holy Spirit has been at work in us. We try daily to live the reconciled and forgiving life, and each time we fail we are encouraged to begin again because we know the forgiving love of God toward us which we have seen in the cross.

James G. Emerson, Jr., in his book *The Dynamics of Forgiveness*, speaks of forgiveness as context and forgiveness as instrument. He makes the point that we misunderstand forgiveness if we do not see it in both these forms. As context, forgiveness is the atmosphere in which we live because of the love of God toward us. As instrument, forgiveness is the way we act toward one another. But the two go together, not so much in a cause-and-effect relationship but in a dynamic interaction which Dr.

Emerson calls "realized forgiveness." We have to know we are forgiven and we have to forgive; if we do not forgive we do not realize we are forgiven.

The consequence of realized forgiveness, according to Dr. Emerson, is freedom; or to put it another way, realized forgiveness is freedom. For when we know we are forgiven, or reconciled, then we are free from trying to get reconciled and free to love and to forgive times without number. What we are saying is that it is the cross—the forgiveness of God—that makes us free, and therefore the cross is necessary if we are to be free men. Jesus died to make us free, i.e., to make us realize we are forgiven. When he said, "You will know the truth, and the truth will make you free" (John 8:32), this is what he meant: "The truth is you are forgiven: realize this, and you will be free."

Such an experience of realized

forgiveness and freedom is behind these classic words of Paul: "I have been crucified with Christ; it is no longer I who live, but Christ who lives in me; and the life I now live in the flesh I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me" (Galatians 2:20). The motif of death and resurrection, which we talked about earlier—Christ's and ours—is clear here. And the life made possible by this action is the reconciled life, as Paul makes clear in this same letter when he writes a few chapters later: "For freedom has Christ set us free; stand fast therefore, and do not submit again to a yoke of slavery" (5:1), i.e., do not revert to the old life to which you died when you began to "live by faith in the Son of God who loved you and gave himself for you."

The soldiers who mocked Jesus later stood in awe of him. But awe must give way to faith, if we are really going to understand his cross.

DEFINITION

The teacher was trying to explain the meaning of the word "sufficient." "Now," she said brightly, "suppose there was a cat here and I gave him (or her) a saucerful of milk, which the cat drank. Then I gave him another saucerful and he drank that also. But when I gave him a third, he would drink only half of it. We can say that the cat had sufficient. Now, Billy, what is the meaning of 'sufficient'?"

The youngster pondered for a moment, then replied: "Sufficient means a cat full of milk."—F. G. Kernan.

We squander health in search of wealth;
We scheme and toil and save.
Then squander wealth in search of health,
And all we get is a grave.
We live and boast of what we own,
Then die and only get—a stone.

—Anonymous

Sports Column

By Raymond John Flory

Sports writer Lili James refuses to believe that baseball star Grant Hagggar is "all washed up"

GRANT HAGGAR stared outside his hospital room window. The heavy cast on his left leg kept his six-foot-two build stretched motionless upon the bed.

They never forget, he thought. All the local sports writers were that way. Here he was with a broken leg, and all because he had tried a desperate catch on a fly ball in the rightfield corner. Then, crashing into the wall, he had dropped the ball—and with it the World Series. To top it off, he'd hit a lousy .220 for the season. He just couldn't understand why he'd gone stale this year; his grip and stance hadn't changed; he was in good shape for his thirty-three years. In his seven previous seasons in the majors, he'd never batted under .300, and had never failed to drive in at least eighty runs a year in that time. But things had changed this year. The sports writers had accused him of "letting up." He'd always given it the "college try" in

every game he'd ever played for the Wildcats. He *never* let up!

So, he'd had a bad season, he mused. Wasn't everyone entitled to a bum year? Even the great Ty Cobb couldn't elude a slump. No, not even the greatest! All he had read in the newspapers the past two months read like this: IS HAGGAR WASHED UP? IS HAGGAR THROUGH? WILL HAGGAR QUIT BASEBALL? WILL HAGGAR BE TRADED? WHAT'S WRONG WITH HAGGAR? He was sick of sports writers. In his week's confinement, he'd turned away three reporters who wanted to know how he felt about his baseball future after "throwing away" the seventh game of the World Series. How should he feel? Elated? At least he'd given it his all; he had nothing to be ashamed of. Nope, they never forget. When a guy's down—they stomp on him.

A nurse entered the room. "Mr.

10 FT



Haggar, there's a reporter to see you—"

"Send him away! I never want to see another one."

The nurse grinned. "But she's—"

"A—a girl sports writer?" He rolled his eyes in resignation, sighing, "Okay. Send the girl in. . . ." He propped his head with a second pillow. This was going to be good. Of all things, he thought—a girl sports writer!

A PETITE, sapphire-eyed brunette came into the room. She smiled—like a typical coed would. She carried a large scrapbook under her arm.

He rubbed his cheek. Not bad, he thought. Not bad at all.

"Good morning, Mr. Haggar. I hope I'm not disturbing you."

"Skip the mister. Grant's okay. Don't tell me *The Sentinel* sent you to make me confess to the newspaper world that I'm through as a player."

"I'm not from *The Sentinel*; I'm from *The Oracle Press*."

"From *The Oracle*? Never had a reporter from that paper before. What gives?"

"My name's Lili James. You see, there was an opening in the sports department for a sports writer. So I thought I'd tackle it."

"What's wrong with the society column?"

"Nothing—nothing at all, except sports is my first love—and I was tired of writing copy. You see, I worked in advertising for *The Oracle*." She gazed admiringly at him as she sat down in the chair beside the bed.

"That's one thing I'll say for *The Oracle*: they never said much about my flop this year. But *The Sentinel*, as soon as my average dipped below two-hundred-and-fifty, they were pouring it on me. I guess mainly because I seemed to be loafing. But that's not it at all; I've slowed up a little and run into hard luck this season. They never forget."

She held the scrapbook tightly in her arms. "I'm here to get *your* side of the story. What are your plans for the future?"

"What are my plans? With my leg in its present condition—I never gave it a thought."

"If your leg responds to treatment, are you going to play next year?"

"Listen, sister, I'm thirty-three! Got started late. As for next spring, it's too far off to say." His voice softened. "I didn't mean to jump at you that way. I—I just can't say what I'll do. Why all this interest in me?"

She smiled as she placed the scrapbook on his lap. "Let me show you why."

He opened the leather-covered book. And to his astonishment, the entire first page was crowded with clippings and pictures of himself in a Wildcat uniform. He leafed through a few more pages—with every page devoted to him, bringing back fond memories of days gone by. He slowly closed the book and spoke in a choked voice: "Was—was this why you asked for this assignment?"

Eyes bright, she nodded shyly. "Ever since my freshman year in high school, I've saved all the pic-

tures and clippings of you I could get hold of. So, you see, I came here to get a story that would show the world you weren't through."

He couldn't speak. It was hard to believe that someone was personally interested in him, especially at the twilight of his career. "I'll tell you. I'll phone *The Oracle* tomorrow morning—and I'll let you know if I'll be back next year. Believe me, I'm too mixed-up now to think straight."

She walked quietly to the door. With a hopeful look in her eyes, she said, "Grant, please use your heart as well as your head in thinking this out. I hope you'll read my sports column tomorrow. . . ."

HE didn't answer as he watched her leave. He knew if he showed up next season and failed, it would be worse than sliding out the back door now. Yet, that wasn't going down fighting. And he was a fighter; most of all someone cared—cared enough to say so. He'd have to sleep on this question. He only realized one thing: Lili would have to have his decision!

Restless, all night long, he searched for the right answer.

The next morning he had *The Oracle* sent to his room. He nervously leafed through the pages, tearing some in the process. He wanted to see Lili's sports column. He finally located her column, which read:

Yesterday I interviewed a baseball player. He wasn't just an ordinary player. He was the one who put this city on the map with his firebrand savvy. His booming bat gave the



Wildcats their first World Championship two years ago. And now there are those who say Grant Haggard is through. Finished. But I don't believe this. Grant isn't the type to quit because of a few outspoken remarks. In my baseball book, he's the best! And, being the best, I have a feeling he'll be in a Wildcat uniform next spring. . . .

That's all there was. He had never in all his days read anything directed at him that hit home with such impact! Brave girl, that Lili. He had no choice. He reached for the phone book that was on his bedside table.

Sixty seconds later, phone in hand, he said, "Hello, Miss James?"

"Miss James speaking."

"This is Grant—Grant Haggard. I'll be back in a Wildcat uniform."

"Oh, Grant! Is that on the level? Did you read my column today?"

"Righto. After that press you gave me today, I couldn't give you any other answer."

She teased, "I never did get your autograph."

"I'll tell you, Lili. When I get out of here, I'll take you to the Worthington and autograph the menu for you. That'll give me an excuse to take you to dinner."

"Since you're single, I'll go."

"Okay! By the way, how did you know I'm a bachelor?"

"You see, my scrapbook told me."



Big Story

By Kenneth F. Hall

GET me an Easter story," the city editor demanded. "Keep your eyes open today. Have it on my desk by the time the city edition deadline closes at eight o'clock."

This would be a cinch, the cub reporter thought. What could be simpler than an Easter story? Easter was everywhere that Saturday. It was in all the ads in the paper—from the merchants on Broad Street to the churches all around them.

Maybe the story would be found right at the Mart. He'd talk with the people there. He put his question to a smartly dressed young woman carrying a suit box. "Yes, Easter is important to us. You see this box I'm carrying? I just picked up my husband's new suit. He'll be wearing it to church tomorrow. . . . Well, we don't go to church often, but when we do we like to make it a real occasion."

Next the cub reporter interviewed the assistant buyer in the women's ready-to-wear department. "Yes, this is just about our biggest time in the year. Couldn't get along without Easter, no, sir! It's not just that

everybody wants to get all toggled out for Easter itself. It's the spring spirit, you know. Something bright, something new. It does honor to the coming of nice warm weather. Easter's a great spring festival."

On down the street at the florist's shop the reporter found the same story. "Hardly have time to talk with you," said the proprietor, as she worked busily on a load of Easter lilies about ready to be stuffed into the waiting delivery truck.

Over at the candy shop the story was just about the same. But here the manager did take a little more time to talk. "Sure we're busy. It's almost like Valentine's Day for us. Even better than Christmas here in our neighborhood. The holiday's good for our business, but it goes deeper than that. The spirit of giving is one thing that's good about all this. But let me give you the scoop, Mr. Reporter. Quit fooling around here on Broad Street and get out to the churches. That's where the story is."

So, with that, the cub reporter hustled out to look up the minister

Mr. Hall is the book editor of Warner Press, Anderson, Ind.

of a church he knew at Central Parkway and Eighth. He wandered into the sanctuary, full of Saturday emptiness. But he noticed that Easter floral arrangements had already been set in place in the chancel. Off in the distance he could hear what sounded like a children's choir practicing. He looked carefully around the sanctuary. One of the stained glass windows apparently was designed to portray the story of Easter. He studied it for a while. It portrayed Jesus on trial before Pilate. Wonder what Pilate would say about our Easter season today if he were here? the reporter said to himself. He looked up at the figure of the long-ago Roman official and almost he could hear him speaking: "I still insist I am innocent of what happened to Jesus of Nazareth. The people demanded his crucifixion. I tried to be a good ruler and bow to the will of the people. Don't tie me in with all this Easter business. I was just in the story accidentally. To me the whole thing was just an embarrassing inconvenience." The reporter figured there might still be some people like that.

Another figure in the window was the thief, Barabbas. Would he say something like this? "I wonder if people in the twentieth century realize what this man Jesus Christ really means to people. He was quite a burning issue in my day, and I benefited by their concern about getting rid of Jesus. The crowd's desire to crucify Jesus brought about my own freedom. I was unworthy of it. And a lot of other unworthy people benefit from Christ. That might even be

true in a commercial observance of Easter."

Still another figure in the Easter window at the church was Simon of Cyrene. What might he say to us today? "The greatest thrill of my life was when the officials came to me and asked me to carry Jesus' cross for him. It didn't look then like a glorious, glamorous job. In fact it was a kind of humiliating task. But through it I was able to make my little mark in history. As I look back it was glorious experience for me to give myself in the service of Christ. At Easter we can bring more meaning to the special day by giving ourselves to others and to Christ."

Among the other figures in the window there was one of Mary Magdalene who went on the first day of the week to see the tomb where Jesus had been buried. What might Mary say? "I found the tomb had been opened and an angel there telling us not to be afraid. He told us to go quickly and tell his disciples. I did and I kept on telling others that Christ arose from the dead, that he was alive forevermore! This is the good news, of which Easter should always remind us. Easter means that Christ is victorious over sin and death. It means he is present in all that victorious power to help us as we need it today."

Again, back on the street the reporter encountered an elderly woman trudging along the sidewalk. "What does Easter mean to you?"

"To me it means hope," the woman replied. "Hope that I'll see my husband again in a future life. Hope that God will have his way in

our troubled world. Life has never been easy for me. I've always been poor and I've had to work hard. I've had my share of suffering and tragedy, but in it all I've been confident that God would see me through. I knew he had the concern and the power to do it because of Easter."

At this the cub reporter said, "You seem to have come right at the heart of Easter, and this is more than I can say for all the people I've been talking with today. How can more people see the true Easter the way you do?"

"It takes a little more time to take all this in than most Americans are willing to give it. I like Easter as a holiday, but if it just makes us all the busier that's too bad. There should be time to meditate, to think things over, to read and think over the Easter story in the Bible, to pray, to sing the Easter songs of the church."

"Is that the secret?" the reporter wants to know.

"That's part of it but perhaps not all. You have to be in tune with Easter in your heart to observe it in the right way. You have to know the risen Christ through personal experience. He needs to come into your heart. You need to let him be your friend. You're always more involved in events affecting your friends than in some remote ceremony."

Then the reporter turned to a husky young man in a college letterman's sweater. "What does Easter mean to you?"

"Funny you should ask that right now," he replied. "A few months

ago I would have shrugged and said something about Easter bunnies. If you had pressed me about its religious aspects, I would have said that what I had learned in science classes at the university seemed to rule out all that stuff about a physical resurrection. Not that I would have felt science directly contradicts religion but simply that it was the holder of the big answers to man's problems."

"But now you feel differently?"

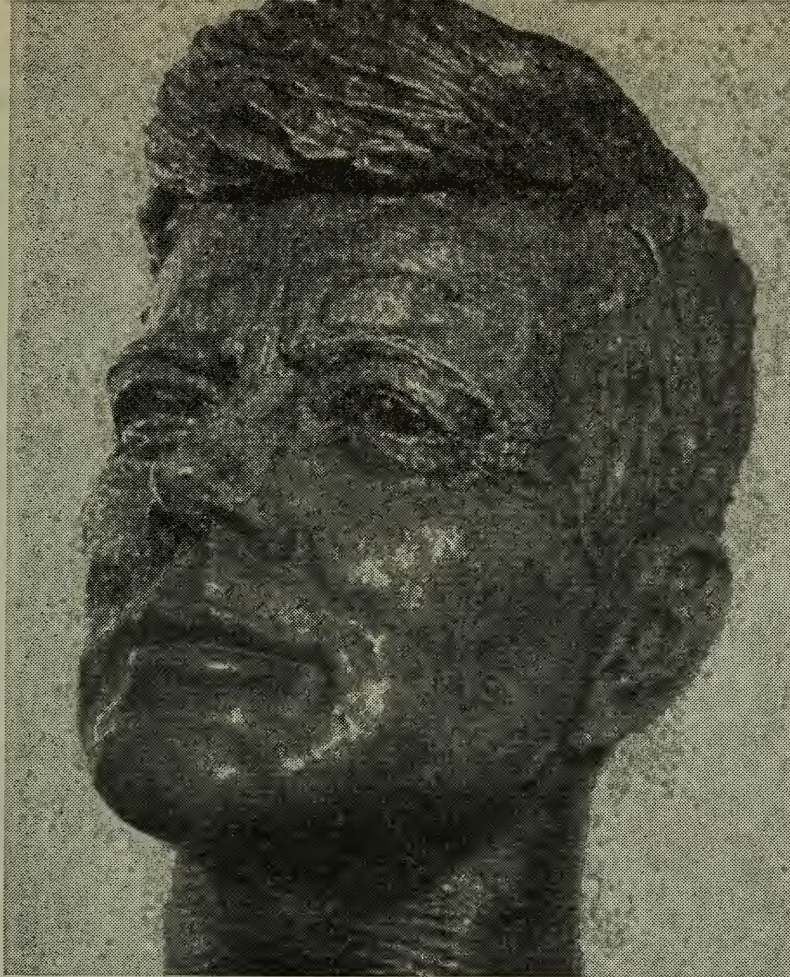
"I certainly do. I met another fellow at school who really lived as if he thought Jesus Christ was alive today. He acted as if he thought honestly that religion is important. He thought the Bible was something actually to be read today with as much relevance to our lives as the newspaper or *Time*. He thought that prayer was something more than a superstitious routine you go through in church once in a long while. He thought that Easter was something for the daily headlines. I caught that spirit. I got to know the Christ of Easter personally. That makes it a mighty big day."

And so the cub reporter wrote his newspaper story about Easter and found that even in the eyes of his worldly-wise city editor there is something here for the headlines after all. Easter is a big story. ■ ■

ONE MIND READER PER FAMILY

My wife perceives my every thought;
It's weird when you consider it,
For when it comes to reading her,
I'm clearly an illiterate.

—Walt Phillips



Head of J. F. K. in the White House sculptured by Felix de Weldon. Photo by Stoughton.

He Belonged to the Young

By Phyllis Reynolds Naylor

EVERYONE cherishes a particular memory. For me, it was a stifling June day in '63, when a hot

graduation robe seemed complete insanity. The stoic side of my nature insisted that if the President of the

A young woman shares a precious memory of John F. Kennedy

United States could put on a robe to give the address, I could, too. And still my brain revolted.

On campus, I was awed by the multitude of policemen, and the movements of guards on the rooftops made the whole thing seem unreal. When I reached the open field, however, and looked down on the hundreds of chairs, gleaming white-hot in the noonday sun, it was all too real for comfort. Crumpling my cap and gown beneath my arm, I found a cool spot beneath a mulberry tree overlooking the speakers' platform. And while my sweltering fellow graduates marched in below, I guiltily enjoyed a breeze which brought the mulberries pummeling down around me.

"Ladies and gentlemen," came a voice from the loudspeaker, "we have just received word that the President has left the White House and will arrive shortly."

The crowd hushed. A thousand eyes turned toward the roped-off drive, and a few minutes later an entourage of black limousines came down the hill. As the audience rose, the American University band began the majestic *Hail to the Chief* and suddenly there he was—taller than I'd imagined—that prominent lock of unruly hair visible over the heads of the others—smiling broadly as he slipped a black robe over his dark suit and mounted the stand. Somehow I knew that Kennedy wouldn't have cared at all about the delinquent graduate perched up there in the mulberries. And I sat en-

thralled at his speech, now famous, in which he courageously called for a reexamination of ourselves in our search for world peace, an almost unprecedented action in a world where too long each nation had viewed the other as the sole aggressor.

Now he is dead. And the thrill of that moment in June turned to numb grief a few months later when another band played *Hail to the Chief* and his coffin left the White House for the last time. "Goodbye, Mr. President," the radio announcer said brokenly. "We will not forget you."

He belonged to the young. The editor of the undergraduate newspaper at Amherst, the last college Mr. Kennedy was to visit, wrote: "He was with us in age. He was with us in his attitudes, and in the ideals which he represented in American life. In civil rights, in the search for a peaceful world, in his desire to make America what it should be, he was the great leader of our hopes, a living example of the kind of man that our college training has taught us to respect and emulate."

"He wasn't God," said a teen-ager, "but I was too young to be interested in Truman or Eisenhower. This was the first president I really knew."

In Colorado, a high-school student wrote: "Lincoln fought for a unified country; Kennedy negotiated for a peaceful world. Both men died serving their country; both men were mourned by their generation of Americans. But only one generation

built a monument, a memorial to his rightful place in the hearts of his countrymen. The other generation hasn't commemorated that martyred leader yet. Perhaps they never will."

BUT that was last year. Since then, young people all over the nation have vowed that John Fitzgerald Kennedy will be remembered. In that same western state a student council petitioned the school board to name their new high school after the President. Two teen-agers in Washington, D.C., started a fund for the widow of Lee Oswald. "President Kennedy was a great humanitarian," said one. "He wouldn't have wanted a woman to be ostracized because of her husband."

A girl, who had stood in line at the Rotunda for seven hours to pay her respects to the President, wrote a 3,000-word account of it in her diary to insure that her children's children will remember this man. Another teen-ager now takes a greater interest in world affairs, reads the newspaper regularly, and reports that the pledge to the flag has more meaning now than it did before the assassination. A youth fellowship girl in Maryland says that, for her, the event in Dallas opened the whole question of life and death. She is now discussing these things with her parents and minister, searching for answers she had not thought of before.

A fifteen-year-old New Yorker said: "I suddenly realized how quickly life can really end, and what a waste of time there is in negative action."

A girl from the Midwest has promised herself that for at least one year, she will follow up news stories in the city paper with letters to the people concerned—supporting those who are carrying out Kennedy's programs on peace and civil right, criticizing the actions of those groups which are promoting hate and violence. And a boy from Ohio is working to obtain for all citizens, regardless of race, equal opportunities in housing in his neighborhood. "This seems so small, compared to what the President gave," he said.

He belonged to the young, and the young will not forget him. Many who would not speak up before are speaking up now. Many who laughed at patriotism before are not laughing now. Many who needed the inspiration of a truly courageous man to make their lives worth-while have found it in the late President.

It was several months after the assassination that I ventured to Arlington Cemetery. Still the line of mourners extended several blocks, silently inching forward as those at the gravesite moved on.

There were no tears now—no outbursts of emotion—just one long line of mute, determined faces. And as I paused one last time at the simple marker where the President lay, a young sailor stopped, turned, and saluted his fallen leader—then walked resolutely on down the hill.



For these reasons men become great: native endowment; great opportunity; and great will to serve.—Lee Bickmore in *Vital Speeches of the Day*.

It Happened 100 Years Ago

By James Aldredge

ON the night of April 14, 1865—just one hundred years ago—the little city of Concord, New Hampshire, was in an uproar. Word had come earlier in the day that President Lincoln had succumbed to an assassin's bullet, and feeling ran so high against those who had not favored the Union that many of the residents were stirred to a fury.

A special target of the crowd's anger was ex-President Franklin Pierce who was living in quiet retirement in the New Hampshire capital. Because he had been a prominent Democrat and had once been friendly with Southern congressmen in Washington, his loyalty to the North was suspect by many of his neighbors. In fact, he was ostracized by old friends, and not a few did not hesitate to cut him dead when they met him on the street.

But Pierce himself was undeserving of such ill will. Shocked by the first report of John Wilkes Booth's dreadful deed, he had gone, like many others in the community, to

find out the latest word. When the news came that Lincoln was dead, he had been prompt to express his horror of the crime and his own sorrow over the President's death.

It was at a public meeting in the evening that the crowd of Northern sympathizers lashed themselves into the wild temper of a mob. Leaders were loud in their demands that every home must show a draped flag.

Carried away by their pent-up emotions, the angry throng suddenly decided to march on the former President's home.

It was lucky for him that a small boy from the Pierce household happened to hear of the plan, and succeeded in reaching and warning his guardian in time.

The former President was lying down in his library, somewhat exhausted from all the excitement of the past few hours. But when he heard that the mob was heading his way, he rose abruptly.

Soon loud shouts outside told that the enraged throng had arrived.

Alone and unafraid, he went out

to face the crowd. The former President was a tall man, stately and commanding—in every respect, an imposing figure.

As he began to speak, the angry gathering fell silent.

Franklin Pierce left nobody in doubt as to how he felt about Mr. Lincoln's assassination. He strongly condemned the deed and the man who had done it.

But as he was speaking, suddenly a voice rang out, "Where's your flag?"

Others in the crowd took it up. "Yes, where's your flag? Show it to us!"

There were boos and catcalls. The scene bordered on a riot.

For answer, the ex-President drew himself to his full height. Surveying the throng, he answered them with calm and relentless logic. What he said must have searched every heart, for his words rang out like a chal-

lenge to every "patriot" there.

"I would like to know by what right," he spoke up, "any member of this assemblage challenges my need for showing the flag of our country. It is more than thirty-five years since I began to serve this nation as best I knew how. If, in all that time, I have not proved how devoted I am to the Stars and Stripes, the Constitution and the Union, then let me say to every one of you here that it is far too late for me to prove it now by any such exhibition as you have called for!"

Proud, unflinching, with head held high, Franklin Pierce waited for his words to have their effect.

As they did so, a sudden hush as of shame fell over his accusers. Soon all the men moved off in silence, leaving the former President standing alone on his doorstep—fearless and undismayed.



"What a lousy cruise! Forty days and forty nights without liberty!"

Lift Up Your Heart

If you are like everybody else, you are nobody; you lose your identity as an individual.—Wm. Stringfellow.

Expect great things from God; and attempt great things for God.—Wm. Carey.

“Know thyself,” said Socrates. “Control thyself,” said another. “Behave thyself,” a young fellow carved with his knife on a tree. Jesus said in essence, “Complete thyself.”

When men are wholly concerned with things, they simply want more and more, and are never satisfied. Only in Christ do we find rest and assurance.—*Watchman-Examiner*.

That *Christ is risen* burst into this deathly world like a flaming comet. Here was a headline to end all headlines—and the ultimate deadlines. The universal reign of death had been broken at last by a remarkable man named Jesus.—John A. Ross in *Presbyterian Record*.

The missionary enterprise is not an annex to Christianity added by enthusiasts with a mania for proselyting; it is an inherent part of the gospel message.—Merrill C. Tenney in *The Church Herald*.

Today men are building their hopes in armies, science, governments, banks, halls of learning. If only they would place their faith and hope in the church of the living God! It will stand. All else will end in defeat.—Rolla O. Swisher in *Vital Christianity*.

Let the worshipers of Christ remember that he who is a living Lord comes to them ever new in every moment. Let them be ever ready to respond to what he personally and directly communicates to them in the now rather than respond to something said about him in the past.—Sherman R. Hanson in *The Christian*.

Our young people constitute the greatest resource our country has—and books are the nourishment essential to their intellectual growth into thoughtful and informed citizens.—John F. Kennedy.

BRIEF NEWS ITEMS

Rare Blood

Rare blood donated by a wheat farmer in North Dakota has helped save the life of a child in Michigan. The Red Cross donor computer in Los Angeles revealed that only 10 persons in the United States have the I-negative type blood needed by 16-month-old Paul Raney, Jr., at Hackley Hospital in Muskegon.—*The Red Cross Newsletter*.

Salvationist Songs of a Century

In observance of its one-hundredth anniversary in 1965, The Salvation Army has announced the publication of a new 67-page paperback booklet: *Salvationist Songs of a Century*. The book contains words and music for thirty-eight songs—music for vocalists, for congregations and for bands. The booklet is available at 60 cents per copy and may be ordered from The Salvation Army, 321 West 13th St., New York, N.Y. 10014.

Coast Guard Reports

In an action-packed year—1964—the U.S. Coast Guard saved nearly 3,000 lives and rescued ships and cargo valued at more than 2.1 billion dollars. This latter total comes to five times the Coast Guard's budget for the entire year.

In the same busy year, the Coast Guard carried out 5,644 inspections of merchant ships with a combined

gross tonnage of 9,604,360, conducted 27,886 miscellaneous inspections, and reviewed 36,605 merchant vessel plans, according to Admiral E. J. Roland.

A tri-Faith Religious Emphasis Week was held at Sandia Base, New Mexico, sponsored by the Headquarters Field Command, Defense Atomic Support Agency, for military and civilian personnel, their dependents, and friends. Shown L-R: RADM Ralph C. Johnson, USN, Commander Field Command, Sandia Base; Chaplain (Lt Col) Charles E. Read, USA, Field Command Chaplain; Chaplain (Capt) Alfred E. Brough of Fort Bliss, Tex.; The Rev. Albert A. Fuytinck of the Catholic Redemptorist Order, Southern Mission Band.





Train reception of delegates from north of the Alaska Range attending the Alaskan Command Protestant Youth Leadership Conference at Alaska Methodist University, Anchorage, Alaska. To greet the delegates are Chaplain, Col, George S. Wilson (4th from left, front), Alaska Command Chaplain, and Chaplain, Maj, O. L. Sylwester (1st left, front).

President of NCC to Visit Far East

Bishop Reuben H. Mueller, President of the National Council of Churches and the Rev. Dr. Fred Buschmeyer as his executive aide, will be visiting this Easter season chaplains and military personnel of armed forces and their dependents based in Japan, Korea, and Okinawa.

Dr. Martin Niemoller Resigns

At the end of 1964, Dr. Martin Niemoller, noted German Protestant church leader, resigned as president of the Evangelical Church in Hesse-Nassau. He is seventy-three years old and recently celebrated his fortieth anniversary of his ordination

to the ministry. He is one of the six presidents of the World Council of Churches.

Dr. Cummins Visits

Twenty-three Nations

The December Chaplains Bulletin of the Southern Baptist Convention reports that Dr. George Cummins, Director of the Chaplains Commission of SBC, and his wife, visited twenty-three nations, contacted 245 chaplains, saw over one hundred missionaries, called on seventy-five military commands, preached from two to four times on Sundays, and counseled with numerous chaplains. They were on the trip for seventy

days. Dr. Cummins writes: "It was a wonderful privilege for us to visit our Baptist chaplains and other chaplains and their families, the military personnel and their families and see firsthand the outstanding contribution the chaplains . . . have made to the cause of world missions."

College Aid Case in Maryland

A suit was instituted in Anne Arundel County, Maryland, opening November 30, 1964, designed to prove that four Maryland colleges are not qualified to receive grants from public funds because they are sectarian institutions. The Maryland Assembly has approved grants of \$2.5 million in matching grants to erect three science buildings, a dining hall, and a dormitory at four denominational colleges: Western Maryland in Westminster (Methodist), St. Joseph's College in Emmitsburg (Catholic), Hood College in Frederick (United Church of Christ), and The College of Notre Dame of Maryland in Baltimore (Catholic).

Population of the World

The population of the world in mid-1964 was an estimated 3,283,000,000 people. Each year the world total is now increasing by some 65 million, enough to populate a new nation larger than West Germany. Over 56 percent of the world's population—1.8 billion—live in Asia. Another billion persons are expected by 1980. The Population Reference Bureau reports that a third of the world's people have gained—or are gaining—control of the birth rate. Two-thirds of the people, however, have not. And the high birth rate areas are the developing countries, with low levels of living.

Baptist World Congress

The Baptist World Congress will convene in Miami Beach, Florida, U.S.A., June 25-30, 1965. Many thousands of Baptists from all over the world are expected to attend. Room reservations must be made through the Baptist World Congress Housing Bureau, P.O. Box 1511, Miami Beach, Florida.

The Protestant Women of the Chapel and Ladies Sodality at Mather AFB, Calif., combined their talents for a staff luncheon honoring Chaplain, Col, Roland C. Reny, ATC Command Chaplain, during annual staff visit.



The Link Calendar

Apr. 1-30. Cancer Control Month. Purpose: "To raise money to support the fight against cancer." Also Teaching Career Month. The aim is to encourage young people to go into this important profession.

Apr. 1. All Fools' Day.

Apr. 1-10. National Laugh Week. "To salute the laugh makers of America, past, present, and future."

Apr. 4. Passion Sunday.

Apr. 6-12. "To salute the nation's publicists for their continuing work of keeping the public informed."

Apr. 6-11. National Cherry Blossom Festival. Right here in our nation's capital. Ushers in Spring. Celebrates the planting of the Japanese Cherry trees given to the U.S.A. by Japan in 1912.

Apr. 10-17. "Let's All Play Ball" Week. The baseball season gets under way.

Apr. 11. Palm Sunday. Commemorates Christ's entry into Jerusalem at the beginning of the last week of his life.

Apr. 11-17. Pan-American Week. Also Green Candle of Hope Week. Light in your homes on Easter morning a green candle as a token of friendship and sympathy for those who cannot share our freedom.

Apr. 13. Thomas Jefferson's birthday. Third president of the U.S. 1743-1826.

Apr. 16. Good Friday. Observed in memory of the crucifixion of Christ.

Apr. 18. EASTER SUNDAY. Many Easter sunrise services all over the country.

Apr. 18-25. National YWCA Week. To create greater understanding of the important work of the YWCA. Also April 18-24. International Good Human Relations Week. To promote understanding among people. April 18-24 is also Secretaries' Week.

Apr. 21. San Jacinto Day. Commemorates Battle of San Jacinto. 1836. Texas won independence at that time from Mexico.

Apr. 21-25. International Azalea Festival.

Apr. 21. New York World's Fair begins again, the second year. Will continue through Oct. 17.

Apr. 22-27. General Assembly meeting of the Presbyterian Church, U.S. Memphis, Tenn.

Apr. 23-May 8. New Orleans Spring Fiesta.

Apr. 23. James Buchanan's birthday. 15th president of the U.S. Born this day in 1791.

Apr. 25. National Christian College Day. Aim: To publicize the Christian college and its distinctive genius. Also on this day Daylight Saving Time begins.

Apr. 25-May 1. National Library Week.

Apr. 27. Ulysses Grant's birthday. 18th president of the U.S. B. 1822.

Apr. 30. May Day Eve.

Discussion Helps

THROUGHOUT this issue of THE LINK, you will find four articles prepared not only for individual reading but also for group discussion and for help to lay leaders who prepare sermons or talks.

1. New Discipleship and the Old Law (page 30)

Bible Material: Matthew 5:17-48

Did Jesus break or fulfill the Mosaic Law? What dangers beset the man who lives simply for "respectability"? What should be done about divorce? Is swearing a serious matter?

2. He Went to a Cross (page 42)

Bible Material: Matthew 27:32-50

Explain in your own words why Christ died. (Avoid religious cliches.) Why must death and resurrection be taken together in our thinking about the Christian faith? What is the distinction between forgiveness and realized forgiveness? Can we be forgiven and yet not know it? From your own experience, illustrate how forgiveness brings freedom. Why does forgiveness require the death of Christ?

3. Big Story (page 50)

Bible Material: Matthew 28:1-20

What do the imaginative words from Pilate, Mary Magdalene, Barabbas, and Simon of Cyrene in this article mean? How much do we get involved in Easter simply by accident? How much do we need to give ourselves at Easter? How do we go about doing this? Look again at the old lady's suggestions on what Easter really means. What do you have to add? What was there about the Christian college student that attracted his fellow student to the Christ of Easter?

4. Case of the Delinquent Hipster (page 10)

Bible Material: Luke 15:11-32

The prodigal son's sins were those of passion. Are sins of attitude and neglect just as serious? What is involved in repentance? Why is restoration the most important part of forgiveness? How can we understand the meaning of God's love?

Books Are Friendly Things

Preparing Your Children for Marriage by W. Clark Ellzey. Association Press. 291 Broadway, New York. 10007. 1964. \$3.95.

In this outstanding book, Professor W. Clark Ellzey, Acting Chairman, Family Life Education Department, Stephens College, Columbia, Mo., states: "If one thing has emerged more clearly than any other through the author's thirty years of teaching and counseling, it is the fact that immaturity is the chief cause of trouble in marriage." So the problem in parental preparation for marriage is to guide their children to become mature, responsible individuals. With a fine style of logical writing, Dr. Ellzey counsels most helpfully to parents on their role in guiding children and youth in this important area. (Readers of THE LINK will know Dr. Ellzey for he has done several articles for us.)

A Handbook of Theological Terms by Van A. Harvey. Macmillan Co., 60 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10011. 1964. \$1.45.

Do you know the meaning of *koinonia*? This handbook defines the word as "the peculiar kind of communion Christians have with God and with one another in Christ." What do we mean by "the righteousness of God"? Grace? Gospel? Natural theology? More than 350 theological terms are defined in this exceedingly useful paperback.

Stop, Look, and Write! by Hart Day Leavitt and David A. Sohn. Bantam Books, Inc., 271 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016. 1964. 75 cents.

Interested in writing? Here is a small book combining striking pictures and writing assignments. You look at the picture—then write. Help is given on the power of observation, inventing titles, contrasts, emphasis, conflict, character, dialogue and the like. Persons who are willing to discipline themselves to carry out the assignments will learn a lot. Perhaps the best way to get something done would be to organize a writing group and meet occasionally to share. You would then be able to check up on one another. The hardest task in writing is to muster the will power to keep sitting down at the typewriter. Once the distinguished writer, James Thurber, was asked what he thought about a certain subject. "How do I know," he replied, "until I sit down at my typewriter."

Crises in Morality. Edited by C. W. Scudder. Broadman Press, 127 Ninth Ave., N., Nashville, Tenn. 37203. 1964. \$3.50.

What are some of the major moral crises we face in American life and what ought the churches be doing about these? These are the two questions this book seeks to answer. Some of the crises are: sexual immorality, homosexuality, mercy killing, capital punishment, race, and the like. As a general survey the book is not bad. Its weakness lies in the following areas: Simply a reporting job; solutions often weak; failure to hit at the big problem—why the breakdown in morality.

LINK that I have read over the past several years. I have no idea who Gerhard E. Frost is, but his article, "The Sermon and My Identity" in the September, 1964, issue is one of the best written and most theologically sound articles of its type that I have read for a long time.

I have been out of the country since last December and have missed a number of issues. Please send me the issues containing the rest of the Ten Commandments (I have June, September, and October.)

Please accept my good wish for a continuing magazine ministry.

—Leroy E. Vogel, 128 Crookedbillet Rd., Hatboro, Pa.

Thank You, Friend

Enclosed find a check for \$25.00, given by a friend, to assist in sending THE LINK to a unit in Florida.

—LT Rufus B. Fink, CHC, USN, U.S. Naval Hospital, St. Albans, Long Island, N.Y.

(We are grateful to this friend who prefers to remain anonymous. Funds that come to us will be used to send free copies of THE LINK to those units who may not have chapel funds. This we believe is a worthy project. EDITOR.)

Request for Help

THE LINK has through the years I've been in service helped me very much. Now I'd like to secure several copies of a poem which appeared in your magazine for March, 1964, page 47, entitled "Pray for One Another." My wife and I both like this little poem a great deal.

A/1C Jon C. Call, Hq. Sq. Sec. 46830 Combt. Spt. Gp., APO 23, New York, N.Y. 09023. Box 312.

(We do not find a poem in March, 1964, LINK with this title; however, there is a poem about prayer on page 61. We are sending a copy to Airman Call and giving him permission to reproduce the poem in mimeographed form. EDITOR.)

"I Like It"

I like it—very much. That new four-color cover. And I like all the rest of the December issue of THE LINK. The back cover and the caption for it are wonderful—and I find, very moving. Congratulations on a superb job.

—Dr. Marion J. Creeger, Meriden, New Hampshire.

(We are glad to get this gracious word from our former executive secretary of the General Commission on Chaplains and Armed Forces Personnel, now retired at his home in New Hampshire. EDITOR.)

Many Good Ideas

I read the entire issue—November, 1964. Much good material and many good ideas.

—Lucille E. Hein, 33 Central Ave., Staten Island, N.Y. 10301.

At Ease!



"Mommy isn't home—would you like to see the second in command?"

"You say you believe in the saying, 'Things could be worse!'" Jennings remarked to his companion.

"I sure do," replied the other man. "Why, once when everything went wrong, I sat brooding—sad and lonely without a single friend. Suddenly someone approached and said, 'Cheer up, brother, things could be worse.'"

"And then what happened?" queried Jennings.

"Well," said his companion, "I cheered up, and, sure enough, things got worse!"—F. G. Kernan.

An unmarried secretary walked into an office and proceeded to pass out cigars and candy tied with blue ribbon.

Noticing the raised eyebrows, she exhibited a ring and proudly announced: "It's a boy . . . 6 feet, 187 pounds."—Thomas E. Oetzel.

Husband: "I don't see why you have accounts in so many different stores."

Wife: "Because, my dear, it makes the bills so much smaller."—*Watchman-Examiner*.

Hair looks like a mop,
Eyes squint, features dim;
No smile on the face,
It's all very grim.

Where can you find this?
Why that's not so hard;
It's the picture of YOU
On your ID card!

—Jeannie Mahoney

A mother was trying to cope with a crazy mixed-up kid. "I don't know if he feels insecure," she told the school psychiatrist, "but everyone in our neighborhood does."—*Ma-chinist*.

It was a rare occasion when Sydney Smith lost his temper. One day, however, a gardener exasperated him to such a point that he finally called the man a fool.

"God never made a fool," growled the gardener.

"That is quite true," replied Smith, "But man was not long in making a fool of himself."—*Illustrated Weekly*.

TO GOD—WITH LOVE

COME—
Take my hand outstretched for you
My dark-skinned child.
In love I thrust it out,
But, wait, what draws it back?
Surely I did not withdraw
This link between two human hearts;
Your figure fades and wavers out of sight;
Instead, I see the tears and hurt, yes
death.

But why such cruel hate?
Desperate cries resound
WHY?

I strain to see such eager eyes,
Unknowing of your mother's years
Of anxious thoughts and burning tears;
Of people's spite,
And words that cut and shread a bleeding
heart;

Those who thrive to watch
You drink your caustic cup.
God, can't they see the guilt they hold?
But no—how blind—
Bound in chains of pride
That rub the flesh and make it numb
To feel the staggered-beating heart
Of those like you, my child.
Some day—perhaps
You will stand erect,
Free to be and sing and love,
And I'll be free to take your hand in mine,
Unworthy as we face
The God that freed us both.

—CYNTHIA M. MORGAN



